Sports Illustrated
MAY 26, 1969 50 CENTS

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Stirling Moss reports the Can-Am



Will 11 races make a better series?

The 1969 Canadian-American Challenge Cup Series—sponsored by Johnson Wax—is now eleven, not six, races. Making a good thing bigger, in this case, will make it better.

Certainly the Can-Am is a good thing. It is the richest series, by far, in international racing. It has brought about a fantastic evolution of Group 7 cars. And for sheer excitement and color, it has no equal.

While the Can-Am is a boon to racing, it has been a bonanza only for a very few drivers. This is the critical question in 1969. Will the Can-Am—all eleven races—continue to be dominated by the very same few drivers?

I think not. Why? Prestige, pride and prizes. Prestige is where Ford and Ferrari enter. They are extremely anxious to break the winning streak of Chevrolet-engined cars.

You will see a strong showing of factory-backed teams from both these companies. Not only will this be better for *the drivers, but should also give spectators better racing.*

Pride. There is no driver of Can-Am caliber without fierce pride and resolve to win. This desire, coupled with a wider availability of top-rate racing cars, will produce closer racing. And a much stronger field, in depth, at each event.

1969 Can-Am prize money, including the Drivers Championship Fund contributed to by Johnson Wax, will exceed one million dollars. No worthy team or driver can afford to miss many races, nor appear at any race with an ill-prepared car. A radical improvement over previous years.

So I believe eleven events will make a better series, because in the 1969 Can-Am we will see better races. All eleven of them. Now who the winning drivers will be, I'll tell you next month.

In the four years I've been Consultant to the Can-Am, I've also been Racing Director for the Johnson Wax people. And I've come to know the difference between ordinary waxes—and the best ones.

That's why I can recommend J/Wax Kit. There's no faster, easier way to paste-wax your car.

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Why don't you have a go with J/Wax Kit. It's the only paste wax I'll let touch my personal car.

Speed is J/Wax Kit



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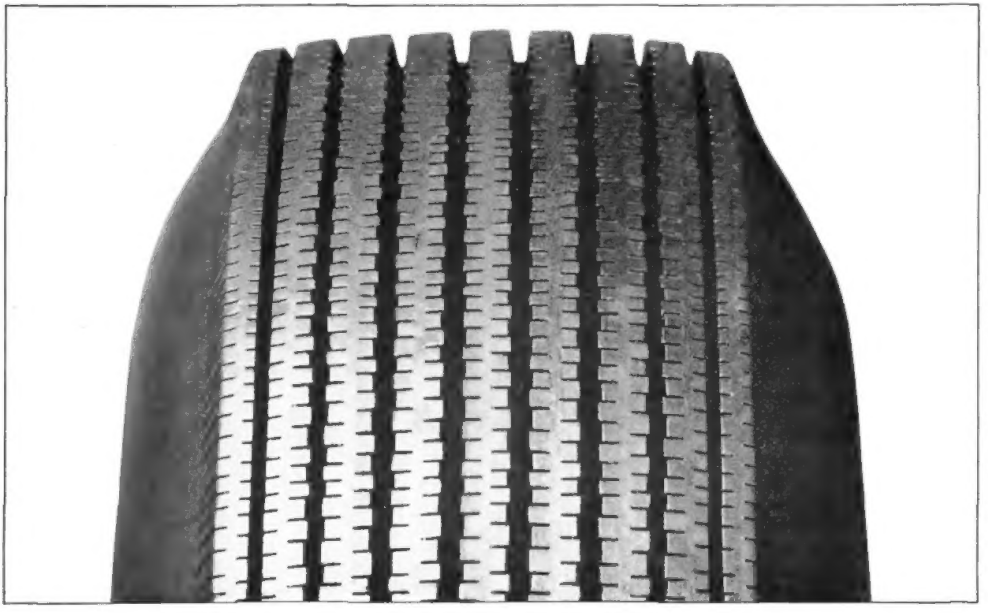
IF IT FLOATS, some American is sure to climb aboard it and find a new way to have more fun on the water. In 16 pages of color, James Drake looks *at the newest boating boom.*

EARLY LEADERS of the American League tangle as the Orioles, Twins and Athletics seek to determine supremacy between East and West. William Leggett will be reporting.

DOCTOR IN A CORNER is Ferdie Pacheco of Miami, who handles the fighters in the Dundee stable just for kicks and enjoys a dream existence as the star of a television thriller.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

To most Americans the word "bear" suggests Smokey, Yogi, Pooh and those endearingly awkward animals—"Look! Just like teddy bears!"—who beg for peanuts and popcorn in the nation's zoos. Judging from the letters we have thus far received, a good many readers have been shocked by Jack Olsen's chilling series, *The Grizzly Bear Murder Case*—the third and final installment of which begins on page 36. It *is* hard to accept the fact that the zoo image is not the real image and that the captive bear conceals his hatred of man only because he has no choice. We hope the menacing grizzly shown on the cover—chosen from a number of photographs made for SI in the San Diego, Chicago and Central Park zoos—will help reinforce Olsen's conclusion that man and bear cannot peacefully coexist in the wild.

The cover bear came to the San Diego Zoo with his brother in May 1961 when they were both three months old. They had been orphaned in Yellowstone National Park and were too young to fend for themselves. Now they weigh about 750 pounds each and measure about seven feet from nose to tail. George Long, who took their pictures for us, reports, "I would hold up an apple or slice of bread and they would beg for it. When I didn't throw it to them, they would snarl at me—the perfect picture situation. I would shoot the picture, then throw them the prize, which they caught every time. Some children came along with gumdrops—the bears could catch a gumdrop at 30 feet!"

Our photographers in Chicago and New York got similar evidence of the captive bears' philosophy—"If you can't beat it, join it or duck it." In Chicago, Bob Lightfoot made these notes on his assignment: "Pack cameras, exotic telephotos, motors, etc., head for zoo. On arrival purchase peanuts, marshmallows, hot dogs, Coke. First two for bears, last two for self. Go to bear pit, set up tripod, survey scene. Bears are asleep. Helpful onlookers bombard bears with marshmallows, peanuts and profanity. Bears wake up. Official comes, takes me to edge of moat and jumps around to make bears look fierce, says not to fall in—*bears never go in moat except to eat people.* Give edge of moat plenty of room. Bears yawn a lot, look really fierce. Trainer comes up, throws rye bread while other zoo man jumps around. After three hours we run out of bread, peanuts, marshmallows. Bears go back to sleep. I leave."

In New York, Photographer Phillip Leonian's wife Edith reported: "The bear, 15 years old, looked more fluffy than grizzled in his new spring coat. After consulting with the keeper, Phil armed himself with Cracker Jacks to maneuver the bear to where he could be photographed without showing bars. The first day's shooting ended when the bear dived into his pool, shook himself off and retreated to his napping corner. The keeper announced, 'Now he'll sleep for three hours.' The second day, Phil set up his equipment, and the bear dived into the pool again. While waiting for the bear to dry, the keeper told stories of cruelty—of people to bears. The keepers regularly remove broken glass from the cage. They feel their main function is to protect the animals from the people."

And that, of course, is entirely proper in zoos, where a large bear is defenseless against a small child. But in the wilderness even a human giant is powerless against a medium-sized grizzly bear, an animal capable of breaking a horse's back with one swipe of his mighty paw. As Olsen points out, tourists, campers and hikers need to remember—and so does the National Park Service—that the friendly bear with the Boy Scout hat is a purely fictional creation.

Gary Valk

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SHOPWALK

This jig is called silly but dozens of varieties of fish find it entirely enticing

It may be misleading to call this article a SHOPWALK, because the only person around who makes silly jigs for sale is Walt Dette of Sullivan County in New York, and he only turns them out (at $7 a dozen) when he can find the time. However, it's not hard to make one for yourself, and the result will be more than worth the effort.

I first saw one of these all-purpose lures five years ago, when Seth Rosenbaum, a New York systems engineer and angling fanatic, joined me to fish for striped bass in the murky Hudson River. I was using bloodworms—a sure bet—but Rosenbaum outfished me 10 to 1, casting what he called a silly jig. He had discovered it some years previous at Jim Deren's Angler's Roost, a Manhattan tackle shop. Deren was then buying the jigs from George Singer, one of his fly tiers. When Singer got involved in graduate studies in biochemistry and could no longer make the jigs, Rosenbaum got Dette, a well-known Catskill tier, to make some for him. Dette soon found himself unable to meet the demand, so Rosenbaum spent $20 to have a mold cast and began turning out his own.

It was not too difficult. The jig weighs about one-eighth of an ounce. It has a head made of lead in the shape of a football, painted white on the bottom and red on top, and a bucktail skirt. Instead of a large, tinned hook, it carries a long-shanked streamer hook, size 8, which can really dig in on any fish that strikes, big or small. Besides this, it is almost snag proof, because it rides hook up when retrieved across the bottom. But if it is used in salt water, it should be washed afterward in fresh water—otherwise the steel hook will corrode.

Fishing mainly in the East with this delectable enticer, Rosenbaum has taken *brook, brown, rainbow and lake trout, smallmouth* and largemouth bass, pickerel, northern pike, yellow perch, crappies, sunfish, chubs, white perch, striped bass, herring, shad, weakfish, bluefish, mackerel, blackfish, jack crevalle, cod, pollock, dolphin, banded rudderfish, porgies, bonito, silver hake, flounder, fluke and even sea robins, longhorned sculpin and spearing. In Iceland he struck out with the silly jig on Atlantic salmon, but he took sea trout and arctic charr with ease. In Florida and the Caribbean he has taken amberjack, black jack, yellow jack, blue runner, pompano, palometa, lookdown, barracuda (he lost one that went up to 30 pounds), margate snapper, mangrove snapper, yellowtail snapper, spotted grouper, triggerfish, jawfish and lizard fish. "One day," Rosenbaum told me, "I was bone fishing with a silly jig and I managed to hook one. By the time I landed him, the tide had

continued

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carried me off the flats and into a channel. I made three casts in the deeper water and got a jack, a grouper and a yellowtail."

Rosenbaum credits much of the success of the silly jig to its shape. On four-pound or six-pound test line, he is able to give it all sorts of action. "It can be a baitfish or possibly a shrimp," he says. "It's a little small to be a squid, but you can never tell what a fish is thinking. I can bounce it, move it sideways, up and down or backward. When trout are not hitting I can take them by giving the jig a very fast retrieve. It has a great swimming action. Other jigs seem to be made for one special purpose. The ball-shaped jig is for bouncing up and down off the bottom. When you bring it in after a cast it won't swim in a straight line. It goes up and down like the graph of a company sales chart: good year, bad year, good year. But this silly jig can do almost anything you want it to."

Shortly after we met, Rosenbaum lent me his mold, and since then, with a bit of experimenting here and there, I have been turning out silly jigs of my own. One thing I've done is to use white feathers instead of bucktail or polar-bear hair. The feathers have a suppleness that hair lacks, and they add to the jig's enticing motion. It takes about an hour to mold, paint and feather half a dozen.

I have taken any number of the species Rosenbaum has with my jigs, and I have even added to the tropical list with butterfish, squirrelfish, needlefish and a couple of loathsome-looking little fish I was unable to identify. One of the minor triumphs in my life occurred recently on a seawall in the Bahamas, where I caught four mangrove snappers with a silly jig, one after the other from beneath a pier.

The snapper is said to be a very smart fish with little interest in artificial lures. Even if you happen to fool one, you're not supposed to be able to catch the others in the vicinity because they sense something wrong.

In an effort to turn the silly jig into a fly-rod lure I have squeezed a small bead of split shot onto a No. 14 hook, painted it red and white and added tiny feathers. Using this minuversion of the silly jig with a barbless hook, I once caught and released 40 striped bass in an hour. (What I usually don't tell people is that these were two-to-four-inch fish, part of the spring hatch in the Hudson.) In the Bahamas I used the same small jig to catch pilchard, a tasty species of sardine usually only taken by netting.

Try making a silly for yourself. Any lure that has taken some 60 different fish in fresh water and salt, in Iceland, the U.S. and the Caribbean, has to be worth the trouble. But if you're just too busy, try Walt Dette, in Roscoe, N.Y. Maybe he isn't.

—ROBERT H. BOYLE



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SCORECARD

A BOY WITH A BAT AND A BALL

Little League, an activity that seems designed primarily to give adults something to do with their evenings, got in the soup last week in Hempstead, N.Y. Mrs. Joan Leite kept her 9-year-old son Chris out of a Little League game one evening because he had not been doing as well as she thought he should be doing in school. However, she gave him permission to attend practice the next night, which he did, accompanied by his grandmother. At practice the boy's manager, 42-year-old Louis Castellano Jr., told the grandmother that it was not right to use Little League as a method of disciplining the child, and when the grandmother got home she informed the boy's mother of what had happened.

Mrs. Leite promptly blew the whistle on Mr. Castellano. She wrote to league officials and to other parents, saying that the manager had shouted down her mother in public and, further, that he was playing his 7-year-old son on the team even though Little League rules say that a boy must be at least 8. Castellano was thereupon relieved of his managerial duties. But he then brought suit in Supreme Court in Nassau County, asking that he be reinstated in his unpaid job as manager. Local papers, including the neighboring New York City dailies, had a field day with the story, running pictures of Chris and his mother and the manager, printing interviews, reporting on a double and a home run that the youngster hit in a subsequent game.

And all because a 9-year-old boy apparently didn't do his homework.

Maybe it's time for boys' baseball to be given back to the boys. Let them play in the afternoon, for instance, when parents are too busy to come around, either to watch or manage. Let the adults supply the fields and the necessary bats and balls and gloves (uniforms are *not* necessary). Then let the kids go out and play ball, by themselves, for the fun of it, the way they used to before all the corner lots were taken over by housing developments and all the kids' games became superorganized.

ASHE OF HEAD

The Head Ski Company is branching out. The company made the fiber-glass pole used by Olympic Champion Bob Seagren in Mexico City, and now it has signed Arthur Ashe, the best tennis player in the U.S., to work on "product development and product promotion." Unlike Jean-Claude Killy, whose name now appears on Head fiber-glass skis, Ashe will not have his name on a Head racket, at least not for the time being, since under current tennis rules he is not yet a professional. But Ashe has been playing with and making comments for Head on a prototype of a metal racket, which the company says will be available to the public in a few months.

SPLIT OR TIGHT?

That this is an age of specialization is often brought home to us, but seldom so forcefully as it is in an announcement we have received from the 1969 Raymond Berry Football Camp. As you can tell from the name, it is not a run-of-the-mill camp where all sports are dabbled in. But neither is it an ordinary football camp. For one thing, the Raymond Berry Football Camp runs for only two days, June 27 and 28. And you remember, of course, that Berry was, until his retirement after the 1966 season, one of the finest pass receivers in the history of professional football. Thus you should not be surprised to learn from Camp Director Sam Ketchman that, "As far as I know, this is the only specialized offensive end camp in the country."

GO-GO GOLF

Golf courses seem to be crowded and slow everywhere, and especially in Los Angeles. In the U.S. there is one golf course for every 20,786 people. In Los Angeles—despite its reputation as the sports center of the country—there is only one golf course for every 157,704 people. It gets terribly jammed on the city's municipal courses, and even if you can afford the $22,000 to join the Los Angeles Country Club or the $13,000 for Bel-Air you are still apt to find yourself on weekends waiting monotonously on each tee, sharing the fairways with at least two other foursomes and eventually holing out on the 18th green a weary five hours after you started.

But Ray Goates, golf manager of the L.A. City Recreation and Parks Department, is doing something about the delays. "Television is the thing that really slowed up golf," Goates argues. "When people saw players like Ben Hogan and Cary Middlecoff waiting and waiting before taking their shots, they thought that was the way *they* should play the game. It's nothing unusual to see a 20 handicapper studying a putt as though the U.S. Open title depended on it."

To speed things up, Goates devised what he calls Go-Go Golf, a three-day speed demonstration on the city's municipal courses (five 18-holers, four nine-holers). Players are required to complete their rounds within four hours for 18-hole courses and within two hours for nine-hole rounds. Signs at the tees say things like DON'T BE A TV GOLFER and



THIS HOLE PLAYS EIGHT MINUTES STRAIGHT AHEAD and WALK WHILE YOU TALK. The results have been revealing. This year, for instance, 4,045 golfers entered the Go-Go, and every one of those who played 18 holes finished in less than four hours; and the *average* for an 18-

continued



The Scovill Family of Products: Hamilton Beach electric housewares; Nylone built-ins and electronics; Lightcraft lighting fixtures; Woodcraft cabinets; Caradco windows and doors; Crippen and Nylaire apparel fasteners; Dominion Electric appliances; Clinton notions and Dritz sewing aids; Bogene closet accessories; Schrader tire valves; brass, copper and aluminum mill products; cosmetic containers; automotive products; fluid power products; industrial hose couplings; custom parts and assemblies; aerosol products; metal stationery supplies



Is anyone willing to take a chance?

Dear Reverend, Father or Rabbi:

We understand why you love to raffle off Cadillacs, T-Birds and Continentals.

They draw the crowds.

But consider the poor soul who wins.

He has to pay about $1000 in income tax. At least $425 a year for gas. And who knows how much for oil and antifreeze.

Now think how charitable it would be to raffle off a Volkswagen Fastback Sedan.

It needs only about $420 for income tax. About $150 a year for gas. No antifreeze. And, it takes pints of oil, not quarts.

Now you may ask, what makes this Volkswagen fancy enough to raffle off?

Well, it comes with wall-to-wall carpeting. Front seats that adjust to 49 positions. Fold-down arm rests in the rear. An electric clock. And, as options: automatic transmission and air conditioning.

So, if you're thinking of raffling off a fancy car, lift up your eyes.

And behold.

The Volkswagen Fastback Sedan.

The Volkswagen Fastback

Charles Tanqueray did not invent gin.

He just made it uncommonly good.

(And therein lies this uncommon tale.)

To understand how and why Tanqueray Gin happened, one must first understand Charles Tanqueray.

In his early adult years, Charles Tanqueray acquired a curiosity about gin, a drink so typically English that it appealed to all classes of the populace. Charles Tanqueray realized that a great portion of the gin produced in the London of those days was not very appealing to the more discriminating palates of the gentry. For some gins in those early years were produced from ordinary water, dubious basic spirits insufficiently rectified, and often rather wantonly flavored. Charles Tanqueray felt that something should be done about this.

So Charles Tanqueray took it upon himself to develop a gin with a genuinely enjoyable taste. He experimented with various and sundry choice ingredients. And he also tried several distilling techniques. Until, at last, Charles Tanqueray achieved his goal: an uncommonly dry gin with an uncommonly fine flavor.

The one thing he didn't experiment with was the water. Because, to start, Charles Tanqueray had the best.

Finsbury. A watering place of some distinction. The water Charles Tanqueray used was the freshest, purest obtainable. The source: the deep springs in Finsbury.

Finsbury had gained fame during the Crusades. When Crusaders returned to England, many hastened to Finsbury. For Finsbury water was reputed to be particularly delicious. Evidently, it was. England's first windmill was built at Finsbury. Purpose: to tap more of its water.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Charles Tanqueray selected Finsbury as the site for his first distillery. Nor is it surprising that, to this day, Tanqueray still uses Finsbury water.

Tanqueray's folly—the palatable gin. It's generally believed that monks, in the Finsbury area, made herbal potions consisting of alcohol mixed with roots and berry extracts. They discovered that the alcohol preserved the botanicals. And that the botanicals flavored the alcohol.

From these humble beginnings, English gin evolved. The English gin that Charles Tanqueray made uncommonly good.

But even though Charles Tanqueray's gin tasted better than other gins, it didn't fare much better. Because his gin, as noted, was designed to appeal to the more discerning tastes of the gentry who were, alas, few in number.

And yet, for generations, the Tanqueray family continued to produce their uncommon gin. Their output most certainly wasn't prodigious. Their dedication to an ideal was.

Recognition after decades of virtual anonymity. The Tanquerays persisted. They continued to produce their uncommon gin in virtual obscurity, the fruit of their labor known to but a few gin aficionados.

But then, in the early 1950's, Tanqueray Gin was introduced to the United States.

The result: more continued obscurity.

Except that now Tanqueray Gin was enjoyed by a few gin aficionados in America, as well as those in England.

Another decade went by. Then, Tanqueray Gin was finally discovered.

Word got around. The circle of Tanqueray admirers grew. (Sales actually increased by 1,700% in 4 years.) Until today the gin with the hard-to-pronounce name is giving cocktails across the nation its special distinction.

And that's the way Tanqueray happened.



Tasting is believing. If you fancy a 94.6 proof gin as dry as Shaw's wit, and as smooth as English silk, Tanqueray just might be the gin for you.

Because of Tanqueray's singular taste, many people enjoy it straight over the rocks. One variation: straight, over ice, with a twist of orange peel. And the Tanqueray martini is becoming legendary. Even in tall drinks, mixed with tonic or juice, Tanqueray's flavor is unmistakable.

Of course, you'll never know until you taste it. May we respectfully suggest that you do. Soon.

For, in a sense, Tanqueray has been waiting for you since Charles Tanqueray first made gin uncommonly good **Pronounce it TANKER-RAY.**

Distilled & bottled in London, 100% grain neutral spirits. 94.6 Proof. Imported by James M. McCunn & Co., Inc., New York.

If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.

Charles Tanqueray


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WINNING
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GOODYEAR

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That's the look of action. Goodyear's Wide Boots GT high-performance street tires. In sizes to fit street machines.

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Ask for Wide Tread GT tires. With the big, white "Goodyear" on the side—like Goodyear racing tires.

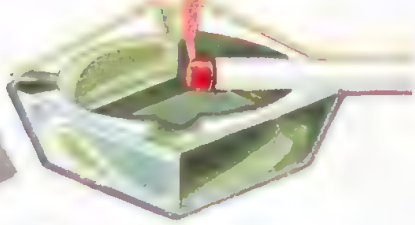
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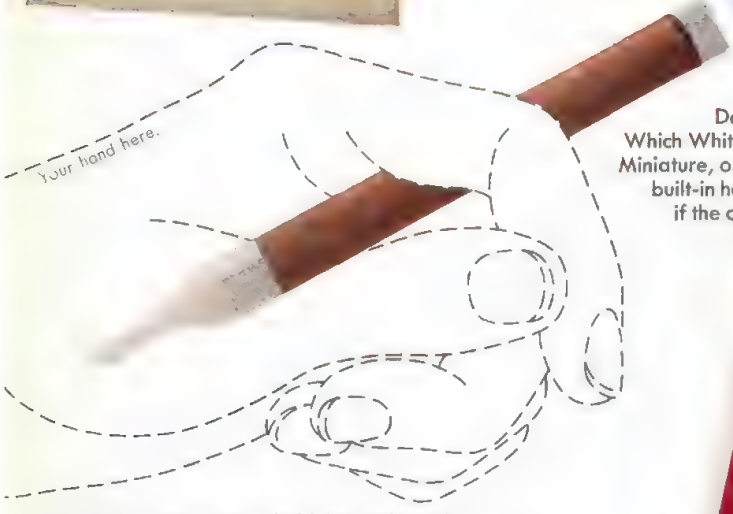
The cigars to introduce you to cigar smoking.

If you have a hang-up about smoking cigars because you feel they don't fit right, introduce yourself to a couple of small White Owls that do fit right. White Owl Miniature and White Owl Demi-Tip. Now, just picture yourself with either one. Not bad, eh?



Cigarette smoking is a habit; cigar smoking is a pleasure. That's why we say a cigarette is a cigarette, but a White Owl Miniature or White Owl Demi-Tip is a smoke.





Decisions, decisions. Which White Owl to choose? Miniature, or Demi-Tip with its built-in holder? Either way, if the cigar fits, smoke it.



See how easy they are to hold. No awkward midriff bulge. Just grasp firmly between the index and third finger. And you don't have to inhale to enjoy them because they smoke like great cigars.

hole round was three hours and 27 minutes (one foursome went around Rancho Park Golf Course, site of the L.A. Open, in one hour and 44 minutes). Moreover, 57% of the golfers shot better than their handicaps, and this despite a windstorm on the third day that had gusts up to 55 mph.

The whole idea, Goates keeps repeating, is to get a golfer around the course in less than four hours. "If we can reduce everybody's playing time by an hour," he explains, "we can play an additional 300,000 rounds of golf a year. That's like adding three new 18-hole courses to our municipal system."

CHI SPEAKS

Chi Cheng, a tall, pretty Chinese girl from Taiwan, won a bronze medal in the 80-meter hurdles at the Mexico City Olympics. But, Miss Chi said the other day, she much prefers the new 100-meter hurdle distance established after the Olympics by the International Amateur Athletic Federation. She did 13.5 in the 100 hurdles recently, the second fastest time yet recorded in the event. "The 100 is much better suited for me," she explained. "The hurdles are spaced farther apart, and with my long legs I can take longer strides."

Miss Chi, who has lived in the U.S. for six years, had another comment. "They should have college track for women," she argued. "It is the basis of competition for the men, and that's what the women need—more competition."

Like all track athletes, she had a barb for the officials. "I ran in a meet at UCLA, and the meet director would not let us use spikes because some of the girls did not have them. This seemed dangerous to me, trying to run the hurdles without spikes, and also very silly. So I said to him, 'If one of the girls had forgotten her shorts, would you make all of us run without shorts?' " She giggled. "He didn't think it was so funny."

POLITICAL UPSET

When Ronald Reagan was running for governor of California he alienated a solid bloc of conservationist (not to be confused with conservative) voters when he supposedly said of the California redwoods: "If you've seen one tree, you've seen them all."

But Reagan denied ever saying that, and now he suddenly has become the darling of the conservationists because he has thrown a roadblock against Corps of Engineers plans for building a dam on the Middle Fork of the Eel River. The dam would flood Round Valley in Northern California, and would oust about 350 Indians from their homes.

Because ultimate federal authorization of the project depends on state approval, Reagan's sanction was vital to the project. Instead, the governor said, "There are very serious questions in my own mind about protecting Round Valley. It is a place of great natural beauty. Another concern I have is for the community of Covelo and for the future of the Indians who have inhabited the valley for centuries. With these factors in mind, as well as our commitments to deliver water to the South under terms of the State Water Project, I have determined that all alternatives must be completely analyzed."

Which means that he still might okay the dam but, to the conservationists' delight, at least he hasn't yet.

MONEY SHOT

Stories about odd holes in one are always popping up, but this is the first we have ever heard about odd eagles. Van Duling and Jack Keeling were playing at the Hillcrest Country Club in Lincoln, Neb. On a 550-yard par-5, Duling and Keeling were lying two, within five feet of each other. Duling hit a five-iron 160 yards into the cup for an eagle, the first eagle he had ever made in 25 years of golfing. After a few wows and congratulations, Keeling addressed his ball with an eight-iron and hit *his* shot into the cup for an eagle, too.

Duling said, "What *really hurts is to* wait 25 years for an eagle and then not be able to collect double on the 25¢ per hole bet that we had."

MIND OVER MATTER

The old saw about the college football player who handled addition and subtraction without too much trouble but found multiplication hell has long been discredited, and if you need evidence check with the University of South Carolina. Each spring the university has a competition, patterned after television's College Bowl, to determine the brainiest four-student group on campus. Dormitories, societies, fraternities, sororities and others form teams and go at each other. This spring the winners were four men from the football dormitory: Fred Zeigler, split end; Dave DeCamilla, offensive tackle; George McCarthy, defensive tackle; and Tom Scott, a former athlete now a graduate student.

More remarkably, the winners—or, at least, three of them—were also involved with spring practice under Football Coach Paul Dietzel. Yet Dietzel, proud as he was of his charges, did not seem surprised by their intellectual triumph. He said, "They can think quickly, which is why they won the contest, and why they can make split-second decisions when they are lined up two feet in front of somebody and a play begins."

REASON WHY

All the talk about Franklin Mieuli of *the San Francisco Warriors drafting* Denise Long, the Iowa schoolgirl basketball sensation, is not just publicity—at least not in the usual sense of getting a lot of ink and air time, with nothing happening. Mieuli really would like to sign Denise. The San Francisco Bay Area has been an unrewarding place for professional sport the past few years. The Giants are down in attendance, the Athletics are a box-office disappointment, the 49ers don't fill their stadium, the Warriors and the Oaks can't draw flies and the Seals are the only hockey team in the world with box-office problems.

But the Roller Derby (filled with girls) is a hit and, of course, San Francisco is the home of the topless. Girls, in a word, seem to be the key to the city's heart. *Mieuli does not intend to start a* topless team, but apparently he does feel that a girls' league, playing preliminary games, could hypo the Warriors' sick attendance. *It may be worth a try.*

THEY SAID IT

• Warren Armstrong, ABA Rookie of the Year, who averaged 33.2 points and 12 rebounds for victorious Oakland in the finals with Indiana: "You bet I'm happy I picked the ABA. The NBA thinks it has a monopoly on all the good players. The opportunity here was wide open. The Knicks drafted me, and they needed me. But now I'm on a championship team, and they're losers again."

• Scotty Bowman, coach of the St. Louis Blues, on being told by a Montreal official that the Blues needn't be ashamed because they lost four straight Stanley Cup games to the Canadiens: "What burned me was that we hadn't even played the fourth game yet." **END**

Guess who's coming to breakfast?

Our Research Department, that's who.

Early every Tuesday morning our research analysts get together for some light breakfast and some heavy work. These men are experienced, each one a specialist in a small group of industries that, over the years, they've come to know backwards and forwards.

At this weekly staff meeting they share the thoughts they've been having about the stocks they've been following. They make recommendations. They sometimes argue. They teach each other. They learn from each other.

The minutes of this meeting are put together in a weekly publication called "Staff Notes" which is circulated to our various departments handling mutual funds, institutional investments, pension plans, commodities, and, of course, to our Account Executives buying and selling stocks and bonds for our individual clients. (By the way, if you'd like a free copy of "Staff Notes," we'd be happy to send one along to you.)

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Or when.

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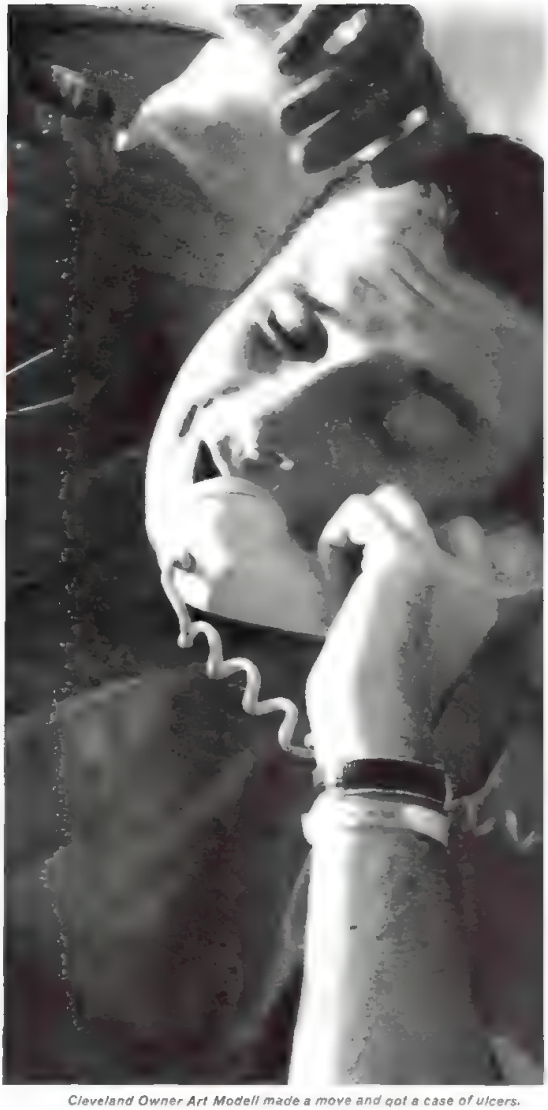
Sports Illustrated

MAY 26, 1969

THEY'D RATHER SWITCH...

Far from getting black eyes, the owners of the three NFL teams—Cleveland, Baltimore and Pittsburgh—who were willing to move to the AFL struck a blow for progress and made the pro football merger, at long last, a reality

by TEX MAULE



Cleveland Owner Art Modell made a move and got a case of ulcers.

When, years hence, the history of professional football is written, a New York restaurant named Chez Vito may well be mentioned along with a playing field in Latrobe, Pa. as the site of one of the landmarks of the game. On Aug. 31, 1895 Latrobe beat Jeannette, Pa. 12–0 in the first pro football game ever played. On May 2, 1969, in Chez Vito, over half a cantaloupe and to the strains of violins, Art Modell, the owner of the Cleveland Browns and the president of the NFL, told Commissioner Pete Rozelle that he was willing to move his club into the AFL next year. Thus the merger between the NFL and the AFL, which had been decided upon in 1966, finally became a reality. But not without agony.

After making his dramatic concession, Modell suffered an ulcer attack that put him in the hospital—an indication of the strong emotions and petty wrangling that



Baltimore Owner Carroll Rosenbloom pooh-poohed the concept of ancient rivalries.

marked the protracted negotiations to realign the leagues.

Over the years the resourceful Rozelle has used a variety of ploys in dealing with his willful and often cantankerous owners. To get them to accept a sensible realignment plan, he employed the old principle of logic known as *reductio ad absurdum*. This, of course, is the disproof of a proposition by demonstrating that it is absurd if carried to its logical conclusion. In the case at hand, the proposition was one advanced by several of the AFL owners, that the only true merger of their league with the more prestigious NFL would be a complete remix of conference and division lineups.

"It would have been impossible to arrive at a satisfactory division of the 26 clubs into two conferences and six divisions by negotiation," Rozelle said last week. "Originally, the joint committee of owners from the AFL and

continued

the NFL had recommended keeping the present alignment—10 teams in the AFL, 16 in the NFL—and playing anywhere from 30 to 50 interleague games. We found out at our meeting in Palm Springs last March that this was unacceptable to the AFL owners, so we recessed, and when we met in New York several weeks ago we had almost agreed that there were only two reasonable ways to effect a satisfactory merger for 1970."

The alternatives were: 1) shift the two five-team AFL divisions into the NFL, thereby creating two conferences of three divisions each; and 2) move three NFL teams into the AFL so that the two leagues would have numerical parity, a situation devoutly to be wished by AFL owners. The original proposition, which in Rozelle's opinion was unworkable, was a total remix, by lot, of the 26 teams into six brand-new divisions combining AFL and NFL teams.

To demonstrate to the owners the absurdity of this scheme, Rozelle conducted a dry run, drawing slips of paper bearing the names of the teams out of a hat. "This was a controlled drawing," Rozelle said, "because, by the terms of the merger, certain teams had to occupy preferred positions. The Giants and the Jets had to be in different divisions for television purposes, and the same held true for the 49ers and the Oakland Raiders. Los Angeles and San Francisco had to be in the same division, too."

The results of the draw were

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

Division I: Los Angeles, Miami, St. Louis and San Francisco.

Division II: Green Bay, New Orleans, Pittsburgh and San Diego.

Division III: Boston, Cincinnati, Denver, Detroit and the New York Giants.

AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Division IV: Atlanta, Buffalo, Chicago and Philadelphia.

Division V: Baltimore, Cleveland, Dallas and Houston.

Division VI: Kansas City, Minnesota, Oakland, Washington and the New York Jets.

Even the most stubborn advocates of total realignment quailed at the obvious flaws in this hypothetical arrangement. Three of the top NFL teams—Baltimore, Cleveland and Dallas—were in one division, and the only traditional rivalry that was retained was Los Angeles-San Francisco in Division I, and that was by design, not by lot.

Having had the absurdity of total realignment graphically demonstrated, the recalcitrant AFL owners settled on merger by acquisition of three NFL franchises.

This point was reached by the end of the first owners' meeting in New York, which was recessed to allow Rozelle to explore the feelings of 13 of the 16 NFL teams about moving into the AFL. The Giants, 49ers and Rams were, of course, locked into the NFL.

On May 2, which was the date the meetings came to their unsatisfactory end, Rozelle had an indication from Modell that the Browns might be willing to shift. "We had dinner at Chez Vito," Modell said last week. "Tex Schramm [president of the Dallas Cowboys] and Pete and myself. I wasn't feeling well. It had been a hell of a couple of years, with the Player Association thing and the merger. Anyway, I told Pete I wanted to talk to him and I said that under certain conditions the Browns would move."

The first condition was that, if the Browns moved, Pittsburgh would move with them into the same division; over the years the Browns and the Steelers had built up a considerable rivalry. The second condition was that the Browns would be in the same division with the Cincinnati Bengals, the newest of the AFL expansion teams, which is managed and coached by Paul Brown. Paul, of course, was the Vince Lombardi of the '50s when he coached Cleveland. Brown was fired by Modell in the fourth year of a 10-year contract, an act that greatly aroused Brown fans. The Cleveland-Cincinnati rivalry would therefore be a natural.

Modell didn't easily arrive at his decision to make the Browns available to the AFL. After he told Rozelle that the Browns might move, he didn't touch his food and left the table five or six times to walk the street outside, breathing deeply and fighting off nausea. Later he went to bed but awakened at 3:30 a.m., went to the bathroom and fainted. When he regained consciousness he returned to bed but was sick again in the morning. Rozelle took him to New York's Doctors Hospital, where it was discovered that he had suffered an ulcer attack.

When the owners met again from May 7 to May 10, Modell monitored the sessions from his hospital bed. Rozelle labored to find three teams willing to leave the comfortable old NFL, but Modell was the only owner who evinced any willingness to move.

Art Rooney and his son Dan, who own the Pittsburgh Steelers, met with Modell in his hospital room and, overcoming a sentimental attachment to the NFL that had been nurtured by 35 years in the league, finally agreed to go with Modell. Rozelle then needed to find only one more team that was willing to move and that the AFL would accept. He eventually settled upon the Baltimore Colts, whose owner, Carroll Rosenbloom, had told him that if all else failed the Colts would go.

"I wanted to get in the same division with the Jets," Rosenbloom explained last week. "I think that it's an instant rivalry of tremendous interest, and we have a score to settle. And then I think, looking ahead, that most owners place too much importance on traditional rivalries which are not really that traditional. In the last couple of years we



Paul Brown anticipates meeting Browns.

have built up a tremendous rivalry with the Rams, but four or five years ago our Rams game was just another game. It became important when the Rams began challenging for the championship of the West. In the years to come other rivalries will build the same way. In five years no one will care—or remember—what the rivalries were before the merger took place."

When Rozelle called Rosenbloom into his office on May 9 and told him that the AFL would accept Cleveland and Pittsburgh in one AFL division if the Colts were agreeable to moving into another, the farsighted Rosenbloom agreed. "I expect that in the years to come, some of the NFL clubs that turned the move down will regret it," he said later.

The other NFL owners then argued fruitlessly on how to split themselves up into three divisions, finally postponing that decision until a fourth and, hopefully, final meeting, which is slated for June 2 and 3. Meanwhile, Cleveland and Pittsburgh will move into a division with Cincinnati and Houston, giving the AFL the biggest stadium (82,000 capacity) in pro football in Cleveland and a new stadium (53,000) under construction in Pittsburgh. Baltimore will be in a division with the Jets (their instant traditional rival), Boston, Miami and Buffalo. The third AFL division must be content to get along without an NFL team but it has three of the most attractive AFL clubs in Oakland, San Diego and Kansas City, plus Denver.

One incentive that may have induced Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Baltimore to move was a sizable cash payment. This was arranged early in the third meeting. "I arrived at a figure I thought was fair, and the owners agreed," Rozelle said. "We got together on the figure before we decided on which teams would move because we didn't want it to appear that specific teams had been bribed to leave the NFL for the AFL. And by arriving at a figure beforehand, we said, in effect, 'Take it or pay it.' "

The figure is $3 million and it is payable over a five-year period. This deal hasn't been announced and will probably be denied, but it is, after all, a reasonable amount. The money will be paid by the remaining 13 NFL owners; the AFL owners, who shelled out $25 million under the terms of the merger, are spared the additional bite.

Rather surprisingly, Baltimore, Cleveland and Pittsburgh fans accepted their new status (as of 1970) with a good deal of equanimity. Modell, resting in his hospital room in a great profusion of flowers and books that had been sent by well-wishers, received only one discordant note; a fan greeted Art as "Dear Benedict" and complained that his feelings upon learning the Browns would move to the AFL were much the same as if someone had told him his wife was unfaithful. After stating that he wanted to cancel his season tickets for 1970, the fan closed with this sentiment: "By a vote of four to three, my family wishes you a speedy recovery."

In retrospect it would appear that Rozelle—with the help of Modell, Rosenbloom and the Rooneys—has designed the best of all possible realignments. The new setup retains the identity of the AFL and the NFL and the importance of the Super Bowl as a singular confrontation between the champions of the two leagues. It also makes the television markets more equitable and, therefore, more salable. Where CBS, with the NFL, once had a 2-to-1 margin in TV viewers in the city markets, the margin is now only 7 to 5. When Rozelle starts dickering for Monday night TV games this summer, he will be talking to four potential buyers —CBS, NBC, ABC and Howard Hughes' Sports Network—and the two conferences will be eminently attractive, each on its own merits.

Rozelle is now faced with the ultimate problem. The 13 remaining NFL owners must decide how they are going to realign themselves into a conference of two four-team divisions and one five. But Pete may have a solution for that, too, and this time without recourse to *reductio ad absurdum*.

"There are head-to-head confrontations that would seem to make realignment by agreement almost impossible," he points out. "But maybe we can really pull this one out of a hat. We'll arrive at the three or four realignments most nearly agreeable to the owners, then put them in a hat and the one I pull out will be it." **END**



The AFL got the Browns, an instant rivalry with Cincinnati, and pro football's biggest facility, the 82,000-capacity Cleveland Municipal Stadium.

THE PRINCE DUCKS THE BIG ONE

The only Thoroughbred in history to remain undefeated after the first two events in the Triple Crown, Majestic Prince is passing up the Belmont though his Preakness victory showed high courage **by WHITNEY TOWER**

The only possible way that the Preakness could have topped the Kentucky Derby was to have a closer finish than the ever-narrowing neck margin by which Majestic Prince defeated Arts and Letters at Churchill Downs. Well, wouldn't you know—that's exactly what happened at Pimlico last Saturday. But then Trainer Johnny Longden topped *that* news by announcing he was taking his horse back to California for a rest and would skip the Belmont Stakes. So Majestic Prince will not try for the Triple Crown—and that is a great pity, however the reasons may be evaluated.

Longden says the Prince has had enough racing for a while, but will be back on the track in the fall and, hopefully, next season. If his decision holds—and Owner Frank McMahon says he is mulling over the portents—Majestic Prince certainly left his audience cheering. On another of those beautiful blue-sky afternoons that had the elbow-to-elbow throng forgetting its own discomfort in the quickening anticipation of a keen horse race, only those who refused to believe that the 3-to-5 odds on Majestic Prince were realistic went home disappointed. This time the handsome chestnut Prince came home barely a head in front of Arts and Letters after a breath-taking stretch battle and one of the finest exhibitions in recent years of Thoroughbred courage and gameness.

These two sleek runners—one already a public hero, the other a battling, gutsy contender gave the tumultuous crowd a duel that few will ever forget. And at the wire, just as in Kentucky, there was Bill Hartack on Majestic Prince bouncing along in that unorthodox, uneven riding style, outlasting the smooth, rhythmic Braulio Baeza on Arts and Letters. They had covered the last testing 3/16ths of a mile in a tick or two over 18 seconds. Although the winner's time of 1:55 3/5 was a second off Nashua's track mark, even Nashua could not shade 19 seconds in his final run home.

The victory, of course, made Majestic Prince even more of a hero—and made believers of a lot more Easterners who could not bring themselves to accept what they read of past performances on California tracks. The Prince is the only horse in history to come up to the Derby and Preakness undefeated and then win both races.

From the moment that only eight colts drew into the Preakness, it was obvious that the race would be determined by jockeys' tactics and early pace. In the Derby there was no pace to speak of. This time, most trainers agreed, there would be some, even if it had to be provided by such "house" horses as Greengrass Greene and Glad's Flame, the latter a 96-to-1 shot who arrived at Pimlico from West Virginia only seven hours before post time. The speedsters, with no chance to win, would at least run a little for the first part of it, and this would give Hartack and Baeza—not to mention Manuel Ycaza on Top Knight and Earlie Fires on Jay Ray—an opportunity to plot their moves for the last half mile of real competition.

It was a thoroughly agreeable situation for the "big" horses. Post position did not really matter for any of them. As Hartack aptly put it to his trainer, Johnny Longden, two nights before the Preakness, "If we have to start worrying about post positions now, we're really in trouble." He did not know it then, but he was soon to get into a little trouble himself—shortly after the start of the big race. Top Knight drew the inside, Majestic Prince was in the No. 5 stall, and just to his right, in the sixth and seventh gates respectively, were Arts and Letters and Al Hattab. Trouble started immediately after the gates sprung open when Majestic Prince and Arts and Letters veered into each other. It did not bother either of them noticeably, but it set the stage for what was to come a few moments later, an encounter that ultimately led to a foul claim by Baeza against Hartack.

The field of eight came by the stands the first time, headed by Greengrass Greene and Glad's Flame, and Ycaza had Top Knight on the inside in third place. Back of them were Majestic Prince and Al Hattab, with Arts and Letters behind and between them. What happened then, visible only at a difficult angle from the stands and hardly discernible at all to the millions watching on television, was what caused the contretemps between Baeza and Hartack. According to Baeza, Hartack brought Majestic Prince out slightly and "caused me to crowd the gray [Al Hattab]. I had to take my horse back and lose stride, and by the time I could get him going again I know I lost at least four or five lengths. I cannot say whether it was deliberate. But if I had not taken back I would have run up on Al Hattab's heels and we might have gone down."

Hartack's defense to the stewards was that if he did indeed come out at all, it was because he was being forced out by Ycaza on Top Knight. For once Hartack, who is the most explicit of all jock-

continued

His ruddy glory and fine conformation make Majestic Prince the picture-book horse as he goes to the Pimlico post under Bill Hartack.




6





eys in a post-race analysis, was dead wrong. Top Knight was clearly in front of all of them at the time and had nothing to do with the incident. The film patrol, with its head-on footage, plainly shows, however, that the culprit was Al Hattab, who came in on Arts and Letters—rather than Majestic Prince bearing out on Arts and Letters. Maryland State Steward Fred Colwill said, "Hartack steered as straight a course as possible, and Al Hattab had far more to do with the trouble to Arts and Letters than Majestic Prince. If Baeza had tried to drive on through between them it could have developed into real trouble, I agree, but he sensed this and took back. It wasn't Hartack's fault, but it certainly didn't help Baeza much either."

Racing luck plays its part, as jockeys, owners and trainers know full well. In the Derby, Arts and Letters had the luck to slip through on the inside turning for home and still couldn't get the job done. In the Preakness he had the misfortune to lose valuable ground shortly after the start, and the story was the same. This time he had to go outside four horses on the turn for home. Considering these factors, he may—as Baeza and Trainer Elliott Burch contend—have been the best horse, but for the second time in two weeks he was not the best stretch runner.

After the difficulty in the clubhouse turn Greengrass Greene and Glad's Flame boiled along by themselves up the backstretch and were not doing too badly with pace, either. They had covered the first quarter in 23⅗ and the half in 46⅘, and all the while Top Knight was tracking them closely, with Majestic Prince right there, too. Arts and Letters, slipping to the inside after the "incident" to save ground, was in sixth place, while just behind him was Jay Ray, Bull Hancock's substitute for his Derby third-place finisher Dike, who is being saved for the Belmont Stakes. Going into the far turn, about the point one would expect Ycaza to put the throttle to Top Knight, nothing really happened at all. Instead, it was Majestic Prince who started turning the race into his own show. As Glad's Flame flamed out and Greengrass Greene held on bravely, Hartack went for the lead and the crowd rose to cheer him on. Was it going to be this easy?

Hardly. Baeza had threaded his way skillfully around the far turn, but now Arts and Letters had to go outside to challenge Majestic Prince once more. This he did in beautiful, long strides, and when they straightened for home, here at last was the duel that the crowd had come to see: Majestic Prince on the inside, with Hartack sticking him persistently; Baeza on the outside with Arts and Letters and riding with that clean, graceful form. And suddenly, from way back, just the way Dike had come on in the Derby in the brilliant orange colors of Bull Hancock's Claiborne Farm, there was Jay Ray with his own version of the stretch run. It was the Derby all over again, the same three sets of silks on the same path to a payoff. But Jay Ray, a good and deserving third, was hardly the threat that Dike had been, and that left the field to Majestic Prince and Arts and Letters.

They gave it everything. At the eighth pole the Prince had it locked up, with a one-length lead. Arts and Letters could have quit, but he didn't. He dug in and fought, inching up all the way through the last few yards, until he missed by only a head right on the wire. One step past the wire Arts and Letters was in front, but, as Baeza later said, a half-grin creeping over his usually immobile features, "I know that—but I don't count it. Nobody does."

Arts and Letters had beaten Jay Ray for second place by four lengths, while behind the Claiborne 34-to-1 shot came Top Knight, Al Hattab, Greengrass Greene, Captain Action and Glad's Flame—just about the way some handicappers had picked it. The big disappointment was Top Knight, who had been such a star in Miami this winter. If he is not suffering from leg trouble, he is the perfect example of a colt brought to his 3-year-old peak at the end of March instead of in May or June.

Peaks are hard to maintain, which is surely one of the reasons Longden has decided to go back to California. The mile-and-a-half Belmont, which is 5/16ths longer than the Preakness and would follow nine races since last Nov. 28, apparently was too much to ask of Majestic Prince. True, he has done nothing but win. But horsemen know you cannot go on this way indefinitely without considerable risk. While Owner Frank McMahon admitted that the temptation of a Triple Crown was difficult to refuse, Breeder Leslie Combs made it an ill-kept secret that someday he wants Majestic Prince to come home and stand at stud at Spendthrift Farm as the only undefeated champion of modern times. "He's raced a lot and he's worked hard between his races," said Combs. "He won't run in the Belmont if I have anything to do with it."

Majestic Prince, at the moment, is an undefeated champion in the eyes of the American racing public. He may indeed be a great horse as well. Native Dancer, his grandsire, didn't always beat his opposition by much, but he nearly always got the job done nonetheless. Sixteen years ago this week, coming back after the only defeat in a 22-race career, the Dancer won *his* Preakness by a slim neck. He was on the threshold of greatness, a status he gained shortly by winning the Belmont.

Native Dancer was one of several great and near-great Thoroughbreds, who, in a sense, found themselves "belonging" to the American public. They deserved the opportunity to face the best available opposition under the most demanding conditions, and if they still retained their winning form—in the way of a Kelso or a Dr. Fager—they secured their place in racing history. This opportunity lies before Majestic Prince. If he is kept out of the Belmont Stakes three weeks hence because, as some suspect, he has a minor physical problem, protecting him is obviously of prime importance. But if the Prince's brain trust of Combs, McMahon and Longden (and possibly even Hartack) is declining an invitation for the mile-and-a-half showdown against Arts and Letters and Dike for fear that he might be beaten, this can hardly be described as sportsmanship. Nor is it in any way fair to Majestic Prince to lose the chance to become the ninth Triple Crown winner. This week a lot of horsemen, along with racegoers and general sports fans, stand ready to agree with one trainer who said in Baltimore last Saturday night, "What kind of a champion can Majestic Prince be if he doesn't win at a mile and a half?" **END**

At the finish Majestic Prince's victory was clear, but after Baeza's objection Hartack left the track to see the stewards, and Tommy Ennis, who paints the winner's colors atop the old clubhouse replica in the infield, had to wait for the verdict like everyone else.

A RAIN CHECK ON SPEED AT INDY

The only record Indianapolis produced on this year's first qualifying weekend for the 500 was a rainout—but even so it was clear that the swift, though fragile, Fords of Foyt and Andretti would be favored **by KIM CHAPIN**

Gasoline Alley at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway is a place where mechanics lovingly tweak $50,000 racing machines, flamboyant owners hold court and drivers play gin, shoot craps or otherwise pass the nervous, idle hours during the long days that precede the 500. Gasoline Alley is also a nice place to go when it is raining, and that is where most everybody was last weekend, when time trials to determine the 33 starting positions for the 53rd 500 were supposed to begin. But as Singer O. C. Smith, who knows his little green apples, suggests, it does rain in Indianapolis—and in the spring as well as in the summertime. On Saturday, when the interesting questions that had been posed since the Speedway opened May 1 were due to be answered, the only thing running on the 2½-mile track was water.

Despite the morning's continuous drizzle, about 150,000 spectators poured into the Speedway, and most did not pour out again until 5:30 p.m., when Chief Steward Harlan Fengler called it a day. For their patience the fans got just one attempted qualifying run. That was by Leon Duray (Jigger) Sirois, a rookie from nearby Hammond, Ind. At 4:10 p.m., after a break in the rain had allowed the track to dry, Sirois, who had drawn the No. 1 qualifying position, completed his four-lap run. His crew, however, decided not to accept his time but to try again later, since it would have been nearly as slow as the qualifying speed of the slowest car in last year's race, and Sirois probably would have been the first pole sitter in Indy history to be bumped from the starting field. After Sirois finished, having blown forever his chance for a place in the record book, asterisk and all, the rains returned to frustrate drivers and fans.

On Sunday the crowd was down sharply and the weather was wet again, so for the first time ever the first qualifying weekend was entirely washed out. This meant that nobody will get another chance to qualify until this weekend. "The pressure will be on," said defending champion Bobby Unser. He might have added not only to qualify but to get the cars properly set up for the race itself, less than a week later.

But even if Speedway Owner Tony Hulman himself has to fill out the starting field (allowable as a last resort), nothing will shake the trackside conviction that this year's race is quietly shaping up as the most competitive in recent years—not forgetting the 1968 event, which was one of the best. (For sure this one will be the richest. Prize, lap and accessory money will bring the total to nearly $800,000.)

This is a year of consolidation at the Speedway: there are no turbines to shake the Establishment, no steam cars to shatter it completely. Nearly every team of importance is using fairly conventional equipment, which means either a Ford or Offenhauser turbocharged engine mounted in the rear of a rather familiar chassis. The four fastest cars in practice were all Ford-powered, and the first two belonged to drivers who have vied, with varying degrees of cordiality, for supremacy in the United States Auto Club's championship division for the past five years—Mario Andretti and A. J. Foyt. Andretti, the diminutive Italian-born driver who dazzled Indy in 1965 by qualifying fourth and finishing third, and who took the USAC driving title away from Foyt in 1965 and 1966, showed up in a wedge-shaped, four-wheel-drive Lotus owned by the old turbine terror Andy Granatelli. Since his first year Andretti has had horrendous racing luck at the Speedway, and if two negatives (Granatelli has been trying to win a 500 since 1946) make a positive, Mario is in. Despite sitting on the pole twice before, Andretti has logged only 237.5 miles of actual Indy running since 1965. "I am not superstitious, and I don't believe in jinxes in 500 racing," Mario said, well aware that plenty of gloomsmen do in fact consider him hexed.

Foyt, a three-time winner (nobody has won four times), showed up with a big grin, immediately making everybody else nervous, and some immaculately prepared cars of his own conventional design. While Andretti and other drivers fiddled around with rear spoilers, front spoilers and even side spoilers, Foyt left the slippery cigar shape of his Coyotes pretty much alone. With his two experienced team drivers—Roger McCluskey and George Snider—he spent a lot of time shut off from the tight little Gasoline Alley community in three unmarked garages.

On the racetrack A.J. and Mario avoided each other. Foyt had the early edge in speed, but on May 12 Andretti did the year's first 170-mph lap. By the week's end he was up to 171.789 mph while Foyt had climbed to 170.908, all amid speculation that one, or both, were sandbagging and would do maybe some 174-mph laps when things got really serious during qualifications.

McCluskey got into the high numbers, too, finishing practice with a 170.283 lap. In the fourth fastest Ford, a four-wheel drive Lola owned by Parnelli Jones and prepared by Foyt's former chief mechanic, George Bignotti, Al Unser looked formidable—until late Saturday afternoon, when he broke his left leg just above the ankle in a motorcycle spill behind the garage area. Possible replacements for Unser were Jackie Stewart, the Scotsman who nearly won the 500 in 1966 and currently leads the Grand Prix point standings, New Zealand's Chris Amon, America's Carl Williams—or possibly Jones himself.

The Fords unquestionably have the early speed; whether they can last for 500 miles is the big question. In practice a number of the engines have failed and have had to be replaced. It was a turbocharged Offy driven by Bobby Unser, of course, which won last year, and although the best Offy practice speed this May was nearly four miles an hour slower than Andretti's, the old four-bangers

might be the only cars left on the track by late afternoon on race day.

The fastest Offenhauser is the yellow and red No. 4 of Lloyd Ruby, a veteran of nine 500s who has run more competitive Indy miles—3,902.5 than any other active driver and feels he should already have two victories to his credit. In 1966 he was black-flagged while holding a 48-second lead with 50 laps to go, and he was leading late in the race last year when an electrical coil flukishly came unglued. The quiet Texan, who at 41 claims he still races only because he doesn't want to go to work, believes the Fords will break, but he admits, "The Fords are faster. I'll have to draft to stay with the leaders."

Other contenders are Joe Leonard, last year's turbine hero, now driving a Ford for Smokey Yunick; Dan Gurney, the All-America dimple, who will try again in an updated version of his stock-block Ford which finished second last year; and Mark Donohue, driving a Roger Penske-prepared Offy Lola. At 167.069 mph Donohue is already the second fastest rookie in Speedway history.

So far, at least, the foreign contingent is amazingly out of the picture. Graham Hill, the 1966 winner, could not get his Lotus-Ford, a sister car of Andretti's, beyond 162 mph, and Denis Hulme, driving Gurney's second car, wasn't much faster. Neither was at the Speedway last weekend, but rather fighting for world championship points in the Monaco Grand Prix (which Hill won). They were perhaps the only people connected with the 500 who were happy with the rains.

Jochen Rindt is supposed to drive a Lotus-Ford, but he is still recovering from injuries suffered during the Spanish Grand Prix three weeks ago. Jack Brabham has two cars entered, one to be driven by rookie Peter Revson, but probably won't drive himself.

The importance of the entire month's pre-race activity, normally highlighted by two full qualification weekends, is debatable. Purists argue that the Speedway is a testing ground, and that the long hours and tedious days are necessary to bring along the intricate pieces of machinery at the proper pace. And, as one Indianapolis native said, "Indy is more than just the race. Even if you try to ignore it, you can't. It's like a circus. You just get caught up, and in the end you can't fight it."



Ford's Mario Andretti, fastest in practice, glumly holds an umbrella against the Saturday rain.

The month begins slowly, peaks for qualifications, then takes a breather before the final, nervous push which leads to the race itself. The regimented formality of track procedure especially annoys the Europeans, who rarely take more than a few days to practice for and complete a major race. "My God," said Denis Hulme, "you've got to go back to the garage to even load up with gas. In Europe we'll rebuild the whole bloody car in the pits. I came here on May 6 and didn't get on the track until the 11th."

No doubt Hulme and all the other contenders will be on the track and ready when it counts, on Memorial Day, and sometime in the middle of the afternoon the labors of the long, sweaty month will seem worthwhile, to one man at least. That man may well be steady old Lloyd Ruby. **END**

FOR MORE ABOUT INDY, TURN PAGE



Back Home Again in Automaniana

In its simplest form the 500 is 33 drivers attempting to keep body and soul together for 200 laps around the Speedway on a late spring day. Beyond that, nothing about it is simple at all. As the largest one-day sporting event in the world, seen directly by 300,000 people and followed at second-hand by millions more, it is an enormous enterprise in housekeeping and show biz. Master of the house is Anton Hulman Jr., the Clabber Girl-rich Hoosier gentleman who orders other gentlemen to start their engines. Hulman commands a cadre of thousands, some of whom are displayed on the following pages. These are people who share the Speedway's hours of drudgery and moments of drama, and endure its occasional tragedies. Hulman plows back his profits and nobody else gets rich—love is their common denominator.

Indy is a big parade as well as a race: here the 1968 Festival Queen, Mimi Littlejohn, 21, of Fort Wayne, shows the folks what a Hoosier beauty looks like. Speedway Owner Tony Hulman, who bought it from Eddie Rickenbacker in 1946, grasps the mike over which he makes the starting command. Hulman's improvements have brought seating capacity to 210,000. Henry Banks, director of competition for the U.S. Auto Club, views the 500 near the starting line.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT

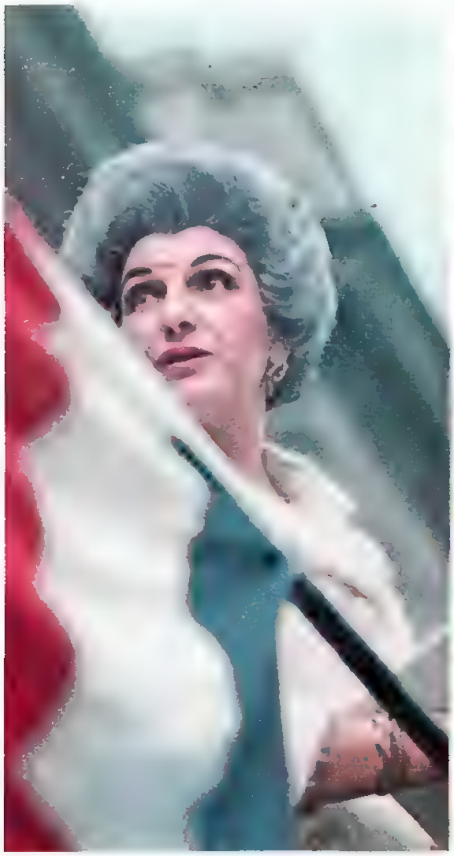






Highly visible in his red hat, Chief Steward Harlan Fengler runs the actual race. As he stalks the pit apron near the start-finish line, Fengler must make hard decisions in the heat of the moment and make them stick. In 1963, for example, he ruled that Parnelli Jones—leading toward the end of the race and leaking oil—should not be black-flagged. Jones won; the late Jimmy Clark finished second, and there were those who tried to brand Fengler. He toughed them out.







Mrs. Josephine Dodson oversees the 500 Festival, whose ornaments are a downtown parade, the 500 Queen and a colorful balloon race. Chief fire fighter, Cleon Reynolds (right), directs 250 men esteemed for their mobility. In 1966 one of his crews chased the flaming racer of Bob Veith and put out the fire before the car came to a stop.

Speedway Superintendent Clarence Cagle (right) gets the month's 3,100 cubic yards of trash picked up. Car Owner J. C. Agajanian (far right, with Driver Mario Andretti) is a famous member of an essential breed. Without patrons like Aggie to provide the cars, there would be no show. Jo Quinn (below), the checker-socked safety director, masterminds Indy's monster flow of fans from his homestretch tower. His record for disgorging 300,000 spectators is just 100 minutes.







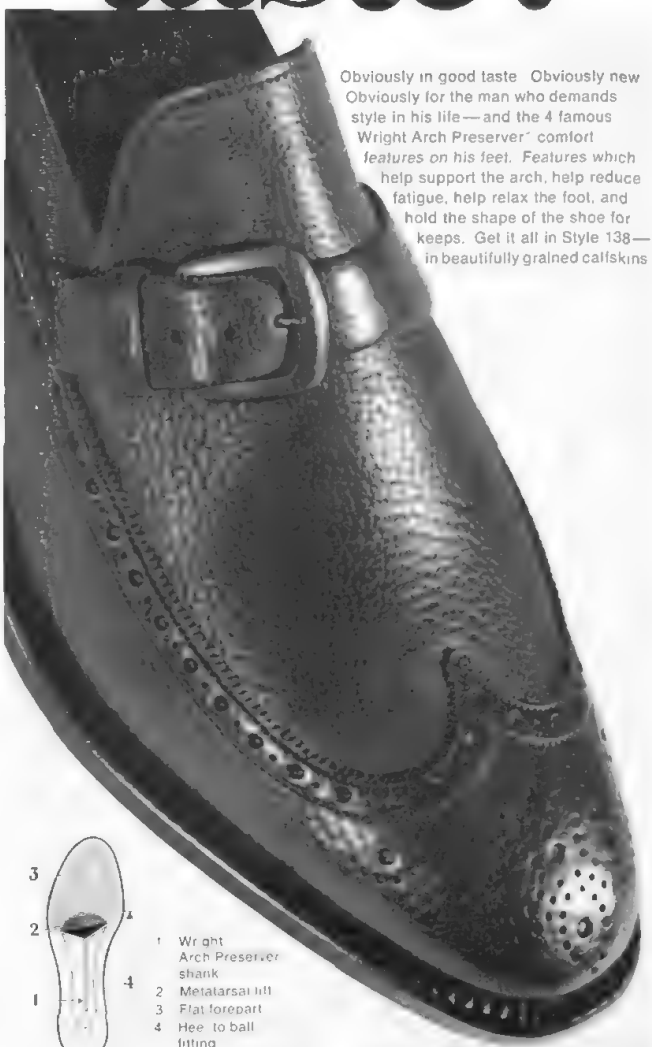

J&B





The 500 also means impromptu picnics in the infield, the railroader's hat and wrinkled face of superfan Larry Bisceglia, of Long Beach, Calif., who has been first in line at gate-opening time for 20 years; and the high and dry cowboy boots of another loyalist, Clyde DeBotkin, who comes down from Wyoming every year to spend the month of May

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PART III
THE GRIZZLY BEAR MURDER CASE

by Jack Olsen



END—OR BEGINNING?

When the suspected killer bears of Glacier Park were hunted down, the immediate problem was solved. But an ominous question still loomed: Where and when would the next attack come?

BY 10:45 on the morning after the bear attacks at Granite Park Chalet the last guest had been fed, and Joan Devereaux, the young ranger-naturalist who had directed rescue operations, asked those who were going out of the park with her to assemble at the back of the chalet. Sixty people gathered for the trek. The mass exodus had hardly begun before the hikers encountered four park personnel coming up the trail toward them. Three were carrying rifles. Joan recognized the fourth as Francis Elmore, the park's chief naturalist and her boss. He was breathing hard but staying abreast of his juniors. Before anyone else could speak, two men in the departing group ran up to the four and begged them not to hurt the bears. "They were only acting naturally," one of the men said. "It was the kids who were at fault." The park officials brushed by without comment and disappeared up the trail, and the others continued their long downhill hike under a relentless summer sun.

It was almost 2 in the afternoon before the 60

continued

© 1969 Time [illegible]



hikers, stopping often for the benefit of the older members, reached the trail head at Going to the Sun Highway and found a newly strung sign: "Trail Closed by Order of Park Superintendent. Dangerous bear. August 13, 1967." Another hour passed before the last guests had been shuttled back and forth to their cars, most of which were parked five miles away at Logan Pass, and at last a semistuporous Joan Devereaux found herself seated alongside a park employee and on the way to her trailer near the St. Mary entrance on the east side. "What did you say?" she asked, dimly aware that the driver had made a comment.

"I said there's been another bear incident," the man said. "They're checking on it now."

Joan Devereaux told herself that he must be talking about the Granite Park incident; he must have heard about it on the radio and become confused. The man would find out soon enough and she was too tired to explain to him.

About an hour after they passed the motley group of hikers headed down the Loop Trail, the search-and-destroy mission of park service personnel reached Granite Park Chalet. Each of the four men had his own attitude about the assignment ahead, which was to kill every grizzly that frequented the Granite Park area. Francis Elmore was relieved that his part would consist only of tape recording the reports and measuring distances and describing the various venues of the attack. The other three carried high-powered rifles, and there was no doubt in any of their minds that they were to use them. Robert Wasem, an experienced park biologist, was more or less in charge of the killing group, and the assignment did not sit comfortably on him. A mild, soft-spoken Ohioan, Wasem had the dedicated biologist's tendency to think of the park as a closed receptacle full of life forms which must be allowed to live as normally as possible. In such a setting man could be the only disruptive influence. Although Wasem had hunted grouse a few times, he did not enjoy killing.

Cliff Martinka was a newly hired research biologist. He had just completed 2½ years with the Montana Fish and Game Department and had come to his new post in Glacier Park only two weeks before. Martinka had no compunctions about eliminating bears, provided, of course, that there were no alternatives. As he explained later, "I preferred to be involved. I felt competent enough with a rifle, and perhaps other less experienced people might not have been able to handle the situation." The fourth member of the execution team was a seasonal ranger and wintertime high school teacher named Kerel Hagen, a short, wiry Montanan. Still in his 30s, Hagen was able to hike nonstop from one end of the park to the other and he handled horses and rifles like a typical Montanan.

The four men arrived at the chalet just before noon and sat down for a quick lunch. The atmosphere was uneasy in the big stone and log building, usually there were dozens of giddy dudes milling around and occupying space at the tables, but now there was only the chalet staff.

Wasem asked Tom Walton, the chalet resident manager, to describe the bear situation, and the young man from Idaho said that as far as he knew there were only two bears: a big silvertip that came around 9 or 9:30 at night and a smaller brownish bear that arrived later and chased the silvertip away. The rangers told Walton that both bears would have to be killed.

While Francis Elmore went to work with his measuring tapes and his camera and his recorder, the other three men took their rifles and reconnoitered the area around the chalet. For several hours they saw nothing out of the ordinary, but at about 4 o'clock a grizzly and a single cub were picked up in the binoculars at a range of almost two miles. Tom Walton took a look and said that he had never seen this pair before. The hunters glassed the animals off and on

continued



JOAN DEVEREAUX, WAN AND PENSIVE, RESTS BEFORE LEADING HIKERS FROM THE PARK


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until 6:30, when they disappeared into the scrub.

By 8:30 that night the three hunters were staked out under the clotheslines behind the chalet waiting for the silvertip, which was known as Bear No. 1. The garbage dump had been baited with a gallon glob of bread dough laced with half a pound of bacon. Walton and Ross Luding, the concessionaire, stood by with powerful flashlights, and several times they focused the beams on the dump so the hunters could twist their scopes in. The range was about 50 yards; the men had comfortable shooting stances in canvas chairs and no one doubted what was going to happen to each bear that appeared.

Shortly after 9, someone came running out the back door with the news that the aggressive smaller bear—No. 2—was down at the bottom of the draw that led from Granite Park campground and appeared to be headed up to the dump. Minutes passed, and the rangers pushed their safeties off and on nervously, but no bear arrived.

By now it was dark except for a slight glow from a quarter moon tinted yellow-orange by a thin film of smoke from distant fires. The men sat quietly, their rifles in their laps. At a few minutes after 10 a large silhouette lumbered into the gully and began scrambling up toward the dump. Instantly Walton and Luding caught the animal in their big flashlights and were surprised to see that it was not the small grizzly, No. 2, but the beautiful silvertip, No. 1. Wasem whispered, "One. Two. Three!" and each man fired. The bear staggered and fell to the ground, and another volley of bullets slammed into its body. The animal thrashed about for a few seconds and lay still, its eyes gleaming like bright red reflectors in the direct beams of the flashlights. From the balcony above a young girl began to sob violently.

About 15 minutes later the firing squad could hear a snorting sound from below the dump, and Walton whispered, "That'll be No. 2." When they were sure the animal had reached the bread dough, Walton and Luding switched on their high beams and caught the smaller bear in a cross pattern. The animal looked up briefly and resumed eating—performing in the glow of spotlights was not a new experience. This time Hagen barked out the count. On "two" the bear looked up again, and on "three" the rifles sounded and the animal catapulted into the air and came down heavily. The three men fired again and now both bears lay side by side in death.

"That's it?" Wasem asked.

"That's it," Walton said, and the men ran across the ravine. They found that Bear No. 1 was a female of about 350 pounds; No. 2 was also a female, but it weighed about 100 pounds less than the silvertip. Martinka and Wasem poked flashlights into the bears' mouths and spread their claws looking for signs of guilt, but there was not so much as a speck of flesh or blood on either of them. The biologists opened the stomachs and looked for human hair or strips of cloth or skin, but all that was visible was the half-digested remains of leaves and berries. The team returned to the chalet to report their kills. Everyone was asleep by 11 o'clock. Shortly afterward the newspapers and wire services received the word from ranger headquarters. It was a positive—but absolutely unsubstantiated—report: the killer bear of Granite Park was dead.

On Monday, Aug. 14, seasonal Ranger Bert Gildart was ordered to report to headquarters. He had no doubt about why. Sometime before he had executed a troublesome bear on instructions from his superiors and now he could guess what the new job was and why Leonard Landa was to be his partner. Landa knew the Trout Lake area; it was part of his responsibility to patrol Trout and Arrow Lakes. Gildart knew bears and guns and how to track and kill. The two of them formed the logical assassination squad for the Trout Lake bear, and so they showed up at headquarters at 8 a.m. Monday, Aug. 14, fully armed.

The two young rangers checked in with the chief ranger's office and waited for instructions. At 9 a.m. they were still waiting. By now all available ranger executives had arrived and they kept walking back and forth past Gildart and Landa at high speed, saying nothing.

Now it was 10 and the two men had been curbing their impatience for two hours and still no one was paying any attention to them. The pace in the handsome new headquarters building had become more frenetic. High officials dashed in and out of the offices of higher officials, and vice versa. Telephones jangled and secretaries raced up and down the long hall to whisper in their bosses' ears. Gildart and Landa began to get the impression that no concrete steps would be taken until orders came from someone outside the park headquarters, perhaps someone as far away as the Department of the Interior building in Washington, D.C. It was after 11 when they were finally instructed to hike into Trout and Arrow Lakes by way of the Lake McDonald Trail and to kill every grizzly bear they encountered.

The two rangers got into their pickup truck, already loaded with camping gear, and roared down the road toward the Trout Lake trail head. They were on the way over Howe Ridge by noon, moving slowly and methodically, studying the terrain. Sometimes they made wide detours to specific vantage points, but after four hours of silent stalking and glassing every square inch of visible territory, they had seen neither grizzly nor sign. It was 4 p.m. before they dropped down into the Trout Lake area and found their first bear scat. It was still fresh and in the middle of it was a tiny white bone. Gildart took a closer look and saw that the bone was from a small mammal, perhaps a ground squirrel or a chipmunk.

The two hunters poked holes in several cans of salmon and walked around the logjam campsite distributing the aromatic juice on the ground. Then they spread bits of the delicacy near the fire grate and the open beach where the hot sun could do its work. Gildart and Landa waited expectantly for the bear to come out of the underbrush, as it had so many times before. But when the grizzly did not appear after several hours, Landa suggested that it might make more sense to search around the area, returning from time to time to the campsite to see if the bear had showed up, and the two men thus occupied themselves until early evening. When the sun dropped behind Rogers Peak they decided that the bear might have moved uptrail toward Arrow Lake, and since they intended to camp at the Arrow Lake shelter cabin that night they began a slow hunt toward the north, always staying near the narrow trail that ran through high walls of berry bushes and trees. They had gone about a mile up Trout Lake when they began to notice fresh bear tracks and scats at almost regular intervals, but they had mistimed their departure. All at once night closed down

continued

on them. There could be no more hunting in the darkness. They were hit with the chilling realization that they had inadvertently switched roles with the killer bear and now they had to get to the shelter cabin as quickly as possible. There was no doubt in their minds that the bear had fled in this direction and no doubt that it would attack human beings, and the two young rangers broke into a jog, stumbling into bushes and stopping occasionally to probe for the lost trail with their flashlights.

The shelter cabin was empty; the trail had been closed by order of the park superintendent and the two men had the 20-by-10-foot room all to themselves. They brought in a supply of water from the stream just down the bank, one of them doing the carrying while the other stood guard with a rifle, and after a short snack and a radio report to headquarters describing their futile day, the two men went to sleep.

Shortly after dawn on this same Monday biologist Cliff Martinka was studying the carcasses of the two bears at Granite Park when he realized that the bread dough and bacon strips were gone from the dump. At first he thought that there must be thousands of hungry ground squirrels and other small mammals around the area, but he discarded the idea almost as quickly as it came to him. Only a big animal could have done away with so much food in just a few nighttime hours. Once again he asked Tom Walton if there were any other bears that came to the garbage dump and once again Walton said that there were no others. Earlier, when there had been snow on the ground, the tracks of an adult bear with two cubs had been seen often but, Walton said, there had been no trace of this bear family for several weeks.

Shortly after 2 p.m. the tall, redhaired Dave Shea came up the trail carrying a rifle. He was listed on the park records as Wasem's assistant, and headquarters had ordered him to interrupt an elk research project on the Belly River and join his boss at Granite Park. When the young seasonal ranger-biologist saw the two bear carcasses lying behind the chalet, he said, "Where are the other ones?"

"What other ones?" Wasem asked.

"There's a sow with two cubs that comes late at night," Shea said. "Bert Gildart and I saw them here last week."

Martinka and Wasem exchanged meaningful glances, and after dinner the firing squad, now augmented by Shea, again took up its position behind the chalet. There was no garbage at the dump, but the bodies of the two dead bears lay redolent in the moonlight, and now and then Luding and Walton poked their light beams around to see if anything had begun to gnaw at them. Nine o'clock passed, and 10, but Dave Shea had said the sow and cubs had not arrived until nearly midnight the week before, and if they came at all it would probably be an hour or so later. A few of the hunters went to bed and left instructions that they be called at the first sign of the bears. At 10:30 a woofing sound came from the draw below the chalet and the alarm went out to awaken the riflemen. For a few seconds cubs could be heard squealing, but then the squealing turned into bawling and bawling into the woofing grunts that grizzlies make when they are ready to fight. The woofing and bawling sounds continued, but now they were plainly moving away.

Just before 1 a.m. Shea thought he heard a shuffling sound coming from the path that led from the trail cabin to the chalet. He strained to hear and made out a low cough. He slipped back inside the chalet to awaken the crew. For a few minutes there was no sound except the breathing of the men. Then a large shadowy form began to infiltrate its way across the open gully between the chalet and the dump, and Elmore and Wasem flipped on their lights. They picked up the outline of a medium-sized grizzly about five feet from the dump, and Hagen snapped, "One! Two! Three!" and all the guns sounded together. The bear spun around wildly and began to bawl at the cubs. The lights stayed sharply on the adult bear and another volley sent it sprawling and flopping to the ground.

When the last reverberation had come back from the surrounding mountains and died away, another sound could be heard from the hillside above the dump. The two cubs were running away, whimpering and bawling.

Everyone rushed across the ravine to inspect the latest kill. Martinka dropped to his knees and examined the bear's paws. There was a reddish substance that looked to be blood matted in the hairy spaces between claws. A pad hung from one of the hind paws like a loose edge of half sole, and the biologist realized that the old injury must have kept the bear in constant pain. Quickly he ran the salient facts through his brain: the bear apparently was in the habit of coming to the dump after the chalet had closed for the night, at about the same time that Julie Helgeson had been killed; the bear was a sow with cubs and this was the most volatile kind of grizzly; the bear's ripped foot would have kept it in an angry mood and the bear was blood-stained. Kneeling alongside the carcass, Martinka looked up at the others and said, "We got her. This is the one." Wasem cut into the stomach and found undigested bread dough, and pictures were snapped and measurements taken. Twenty-four hours after the word had gone out that the killer bear was dead, the killer bear *was* dead. Or was it?

At the Arrow Lake shelter cabin, Gildart woke up at 4 a.m. on Tuesday, and he shook Landa. Both men peeked through the door into the black night. They agreed that there was nothing to be done until daylight, and for two hours they lay on their cots refining their hunting plans for the day. Just before 6 Gildart opened the door of the cabin and took a few paces toward the stream that ran just in front, and out of the shadows to his right he thought he detected movement. The young ranger stopped and turned his head slowly toward the north. At first he could see nothing; night and day were still a blend, and visibility was slight. But as he peered toward a bend in the trail about 30 or 40 feet away, he made out what appeared to be an expanse of fur. Then a grizzly bear, humped and unmistakable, padded out of the brush toward him. "Bring the rifles out!" he shouted to Landa. "Here's the bear!"

At the sound of the human voice the animal halted, made a few shuffling movements with its front feet as though it were going to continue and then slipped sideways into the thick brush that grew along the steep banks of Camas Creek.

Landa thrust the .30-06 into Gildart's hands and said, "You're not kidding around, are you?"

"No," Gildart said. "There's a bear right out there."

The two men stood side by side facing the place where the stream bank dropped six or eight feet straight down. Neither man spoke and there was not a

continued

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sound, not even the rustle of a leaf. The busy stream seemed muted. Two or three minutes passed, and then Gildart said softly, "There he is!"

Landa squinted into the half-light, saw the grizzly and said with awe: "Look at that head!"

The bear had worked its way downstream until it was underneath the bank directly in front of the shelter cabin, and now it was looking over the edge of the bank, reconnoitering, turning its head slowly from side to side as though trying to pick up a scent. Once the animal seemed to be trying to brace itself for a push up and over the bank, but then the head and shoulders slipped back out of sight and Landa said, "Let's don't let him get away!"

Seconds passed, and inch by inch the head began to rise again above the bank. When its eyes were in sight, the bear made a sudden upward thrust that exposed its neck and shoulders, and Gildart took a step forward to shorten the range. At this motion, the bear slipped quickly from sight again and Gildart backed off. More seconds passed, then the bear was in violent motion, hauling itself up and over the bank to charge. Gildart fired at a range of less than 20 feet. Almost in the same split second Landa's .300 H&H Magnum went off and the bear did a giant back dive and fell heavily into the bottom of the gulch.

Gildart rushed across the clearing toward the stream and Landa followed him down. Instantly the two experienced hunters knew the bear was dead. There were two jagged holes seeping blood, one in the chest and one in the head; either would have been fatal. Gildart dropped to his hands and knees and saw that the bear was a brownish-colored old sow with worn-down molars and a thin scrawny body.

After they radioed headquarters that they had killed a bear, the two men sat in the little shelter cabin and wondered whether they had shot the right grizzly. Gildart said he was sure they had.

"What makes you so sure?" Landa asked.

"Well, what do you think she was doing around the cabin this morning?" Gildart said. "She was stalking us. And that's not normal for a grizzly."

The rangers at Granite Park Chalet maintained *their* watch through the rest of the dark hours of Tuesday morning, on the off chance that there was still another bear coming into the dump at night, but they heard nothing except the soft sighing of a light breeze and the occasional distant bawling of the cubs. Wasem drew the final shift, from 4 to 6 a.m., and he heard nothing whatever. He sat on the upper balcony and wondered where the cubs had gone and what would happen to them now their mother was dead. He was thankful that no one, in the wild excitement of the shooting, had pegged a bullet at the young bears. By now they were eight or nine months old and weaned to a normal diet, and there was reason to believe they had a chance for survival.

With his assistant, Dave Shea, Wasem started down toward the trail cabin at about 7:30 to get some rope to drag the carcasses away. The two men had gone a short distance when Shea heard a bawling noise and spotted the cubs on some rocks about 150 yards below the chalet in the draw that led to the campground. Shea turned toward the chalet and saw Cliff Martinka several hundred yards away. As Shea and Wasem ran across the rocky ground near timberline, shots rang out. Both men looked up and saw that Martinka was taking aim for another shot at the young bears. Now the cubs headed for the far edge of the bench and the underbrush that ran down the hill on the other side. Martinka fired a few more times, but soon the bears were gone. In the bushes not far from where Julie Helgeson had been killed, Wasem and Shea found fresh spots of blood and they knew that one of the cubs had been wounded.

Just before noon a helicopter arrived at Granite Park Chalet with two cases of lye. The park service wanted to hasten the complete eradication of the carcasses of Bear No. 1 and Bear No. 2 before other grizzlies were attracted by the smell. The carcass of the third bear, thought to be the killer, was stuffed into the cabin of the helicopter, and Martinka, Elmore and Hagen climbed inside with it for the return to headquarters. Later in the day Martinka was ordered to fly into Arrow Lake and examine a bear shot by Bert Gildart and Leonard Landa. The pilot landed about half a mile away, and Martinka had to bushwhack his way to the shelter cabin. He found the grizzly lying where it had been shot; he removed the head and paws for evidence and took a single slice

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into the dead animal's stomach. Undigested matter oozed out and in the middle of it was a ball of hair.

By Wednesday morning, four days after the double killings, Wasem and Shea were the only representatives of the National Park Service at Granite Park Chalet, and since no grizzlies had been sighted after Monday night, they decided that the mission had been accomplished. Wasem radioed the chief ranger's office, learned the trails into the chalet were closed and received permission to hike out via the Alder Trail to Logan Pass. Before the two biologists departed, they sprinkled lye on the carcasses of the dead bears. The bawling cubs had been hanging around the corpses and apparently would not leave until both grizzlies had been converted into dust. At 10:15 a.m. Wasem and Shea tightened the hitches in their packs and said goodby to the overwrought staff of the chalet. The two men had not gone far along the trail when they came to a high point, and they stopped to take a last look at the wooded valley below. "There they are!" Wasem said, pointing to a narrow stream far down the slope. The two cubs were running along the banks, and every few minutes one of them would dip its head in the water and shake it vigorously from side to side. Shea pulled out his binoculars for a better look. He saw that part of the cub's jaw had been shot away. "Let's go," he said to Wasem, and the two saddened biologists resumed their long walk back to civilization.

For weeks after the killings Glacier National Park remained in a state of shock. The unthinkable had happened; the impossible had become possible and the wondrous world of glaciers and limber pines and water shrews and wolverines and grizzlies now had new and indefinable dimensions.

At ranger headquarters for months afterward the slightest mention of the case was enough to send executives dashing from office to office for consultation, preening the files by the hours, and repeatedly dialing Washington for guidance. The press, along with the general public, was barred from the venues of the tragedies, and the facts that were hand-fed to newsmen seemed to be carefully selected by ranger officials for their irrelevance. Eventually it was learned that the Montana Livestock Sanitary Board had examined the brains of all

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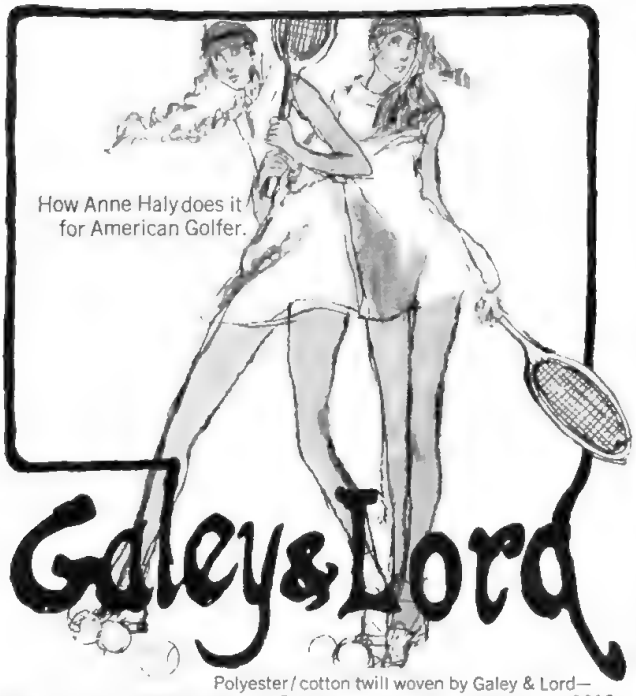


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four dead bears and reported that none was rabid and that the blood around the claws of the Granite Park bear had been tested by the FBI and had proved to be of nonhuman origin. Nor was there any other physical evidence against the old sow. The FBI reported that the Trout Lake grizzly had in her stomach "65 light-brown to dark-brown head hairs of Caucasian origin ranging from 3/4 to 5 1/8 inches," leaving no doubt as to that bear's guilt.

If facts were rare, theories were cheap and the news wires hummed with them. Early in the theorizing an official of the park had told a journalist that the 100 or so lightning strikes less than two days before the killings might have crazed the bears and the report turned up in many newspapers. An interoffice memo in the park files congratulated the official on his theory: "It was a lucky shot in the dark," the memo said, "and it looks like the public is accepting it."

The import of messages flowing out of park headquarters by the dozen was that somehow "the people" had caused the bears to attack, and "the newspapers" had blown the stories up. From this safe philosophical perch the park service was able to ignore such demanding editorials as this one in the *Sunday Missoulian*:

"Was bear feeding allowed last summer by park officials near the Granite Park Chalet in Glacier National Park?

"Were persons allowed to camp near the trails used by bears going to and from this feeding place?

"If feeding was not supposed to be allowed, why was the ban not enforced?

"If there was no ban, why not?

"It is understandable that park officials now are full of advice on how to avoid trouble with bears after the awful events with grizzlies last summer.

"What is unanswered is why a dangerous practice was permitted before one of the grizzly attacks."

The questions remained unanswered. When individual ranger officials were backed into a corner they would insist that there was no feeding of bears at Granite Park, that most of the garbage was incinerated and the rest buried or taken out on muleback. When that story crumbled in the face of reports from eyewitnesses to the rule violations, the ranger executives reverted to another story: that there might have been a small amount of feeding, but it was done fur-

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tively, without the knowledge of the National Park Service. "I couldn't believe it," said G. George Ostrom, a prize-winning columnist on the prizewinning weekly, the *Hungry Horse News*. "Here I was asking a high-ranking ranger to describe the feeding and he told me that, honest to God, he couldn't describe it because he didn't even know it had been going on. He said, 'So help me I knew nothing about it or I'd have had it stopped right away.' But everybody in the state of Montana knew about the feeding! Why this ranger himself had been up there in the summer and watched it from the back balcony and so had a lot of other park personnel, including all the different ranger-naturalists who were in there every night."

These same rangers who now knew nothing about the bear shows at Granite Park also knew nothing about the campground that was located in the middle of a foraging area for grizzlies. Diligent research uncovered only the information that the campground had somehow established itself and the materials for it had appeared out of nowhere.

Almost a year went by before the park service issued its own report on the incidents, and by then the facts had been so obscured that the public was ready to accept anything. The unsigned report managed to convey the impression that a combination of curious events had caused the deaths of the two girls. The report admitted offhandedly that grizzlies had been known to dine on table scraps in the park and that the Trout Lake bear "had obtained food several times earlier at the same location," but these two most significant of all facts *were buried under thousands of words* of supposition about lightning strikes, cosmetics, atmospheric pressures, menstrual cycles, availability of natural food, bear psychology and other extraneous matters. Nowhere in the report was there an admission that the National Park Service had countenanced summer-long feeding at Granite Park, had established a campground in an area that had been frequented for decades by feeding grizzlies and had allowed a marauding bear to terrorize campers at Kellys Camp and Trout Lake for three months.

Another question remained: after nearly six decades of relative innocence, why had *Ursus arctos horribilis* chosen a four-hour period on the morning of Aug. 13, 1967 to kill *two* 19-year-old girls? Immediately a statistician began punching away on a computer and reported that the odds against one such killing on a single night were 1 million to 1; the odds against two in the same night were 1 trillion to 1. But a computer is only as accurate as the information fed into it, and the primary statistic fed into this particular computer was the 57-year record of no deaths from grizzlies. The phrase "zero out of 57" is arithmetically meaningless, of course, and can only lead to mathematical mischief. Had the computer been fed *all* the data, including the facts concerning the events of the summer of 1967, it would not have posted such long odds. As it was, the machine only compounded the mystery of the two attacks.

To understand the simultaneity of the incidents, it is better to begin with ancient history rather than modern mathematics. Man and grizzly had been on a collision course for tens of thousands of years. At the precise second when the first man stepped onto the North American plains and the first grizzly looked up from his grazing to try to catch the scent of the pale, upright intruder, the biological alarm clocks were set. But why did two of them go off on a *single* night eons later? There are two reasons: by 1967 man, with his hated smell and his bumbling manner, was pushing harder and harder on the grizzly, and the National Park Service chose that summer to present the annoyed and harassed bears with engraved invitations to strike. It is pure coincidence indeed that two grizzlies chose a few hours of a single night to take two victims who seemed to have much in common, but *it is no coincidence at all that the year* in which this happened was 1967 and the place Glacier Park.

Consider the grizzly's ways and his insular nature. The grizzly abhors the very idea of man's companionship, and it has taken refuge in the farthest reaches of frontier Montana and Wyoming simply to get away from him. For a few decades the situation was tolerable, but after World War II the great bear began to lose its freedom again. Hikers were beginning to march at it from all directions, and the grizzly retreated farther and farther into the dark recesses of the two great parks where he was concentrated: Yellowstone and Glacier. Relief came somewhat easier in Yellowstone, although bears have killed three

continued

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people there in 97 years. Yellowstone is not essentially a trail park and there are vast areas where no human beings set foot. But as the postwar years went on, almost a million tourists were showing up each season at Glacier Park and a goodly number of them were taking to the beautiful trails that led straight into the domain of the grizzly and were camping out in areas the bears considered their own. Now the grizzlies were seeing humans wherever they turned—and seeing them again when they fled. And into this high-density area bears were being lured by table scraps with the tacit consent of the National Park Service. No wonder someone was killed.

At Trout Lake the situation was only slightly different. Almost every visitor to the lake during the hot summer of 1967 reported coming upon other humans, and this in an area that demanded a 2,000-foot climb up and another 1,500-foot climb down, or in the alternative, a slight uphill walk of more than seven miles along the Camas Creek drainage. The berry crop was lean that year and the grizzlies had little choice but to mingle with the numerous people at Trout Lake. There were few other places where berries were available in quantity and there were few other places where grizzlies could get away from people anyway. And so they tried to abide the unpleasant man smell, and out of all their numbers a single aging specimen took the process one step too far. It became contemptuous of man, and even came to covet the smell and flavor of its only living enemy.

One may argue that the rangers should have seen the problem coming, and indeed there are bits and pieces of evidence to show they did. Still, they took no action, and on the face of it their negligence appears to have been almost criminal, almost a case of bureaucratic manslaughter. But on closer examination one finds that the rangers were only adhering to a few of the most hallowed rules of human behavior, the most fundamental of which is: "When in doubt, do nothing." Certainly park officials were in doubt; bears had not killed in the entire history of the park—why would anyone have assumed they would kill that summer?

Less than three months went by before the next attack in the region of Glacier Park. A burly 47-year-old Californian named Robert Gilmore was hunting on the north fork of the Flathead River just outside the park boundaries when a male grizzly jumped him and inflicted deep cuts on his face and head. The bear was still clawing and chewing on Gilmore when his companions dispatched the animal with eight shots.

The next spring a schoolteacher-naturalist named Robert Hahn was on a one-man hike near Siyeh Creek in Glacier Park when he spotted a grizzly sow and her cub at a range of several hundred yards. The 30-year-old amateur photographer began filming the animals and he became so engrossed in his work that he failed to realize that the bears were coming dangerously close. They were, in fact, only 65 feet away when Hahn stood up to signal his presence. The cub retreated, but the sow charged instantly. Hahn had barely started up a tree 15 feet away when the bear's jaws gripped his leg and wrenched him to the ground. The embankment was steep and covered with snow, and the two combatants rolled and tumbled 200 feet down the slope before Hahn grabbed another tree and managed to climb out of the enraged sow's range.

Hahn recovered without difficulty at Cardston Hospital across the international border in Canada, and from his bed he issued a request that the two bears not be hunted down and destroyed. "It was my fault," he said. "I was intruding in her territory and I had no right to be there." Glacier Park officials closed the trail for a week, found no sign of the two grizzlies and reopened it. But despite the relatively happy ending to the story of this attack, ranger executives were shaken to their boottops. The killings of the year before could no longer be viewed as "flukes," as one-in-a-trillion shots that would never happen again. Twice in the intervening months, once inside the park boundaries and once just outside, grizzlies had again committed the unthinkable

When Glacier Park opened for the summer season of 1968, rangers and staff biologists had laid down the most rigorous system of bear control in National Park Service history. Grizzlies were placed on the strictest probation: If a bear bothered human beings more than once, it was to be shot summarily. Rangers had the authority to kill instantly any bear that showed aggressive tendencies near developed areas. When a griz-

continued

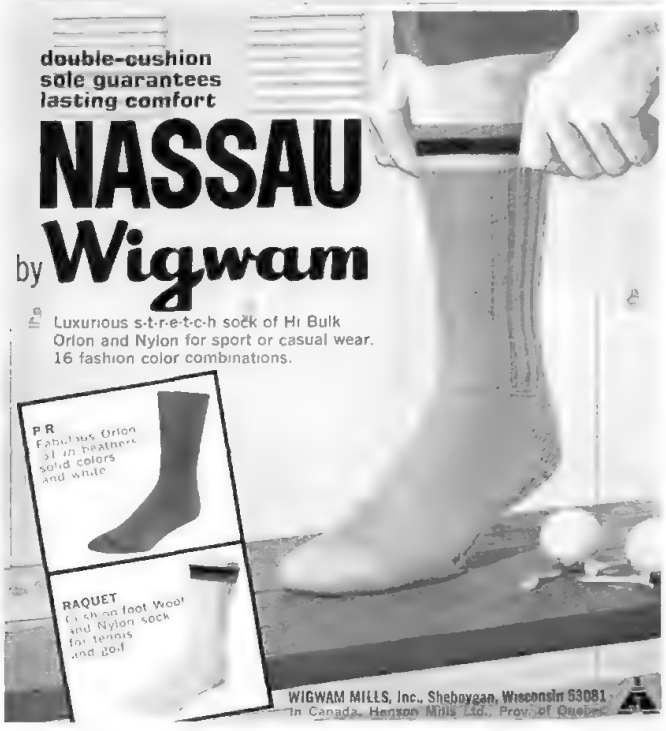


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zly tore the seats out of a car parked near Kintla Lake, it was tracked down and killed with no further ado.

Dozens of other steps were taken. Trails were closed at the first sign of a grizzly. Campsites were shut down and reopened only when foraging grizzlies had moved away. Warning signs were posted everywhere, and information about bears was placed at every trail head. A strict "pack in, pack out" policy was initiated; hikers had to haul out their empty cans and other trash, and one ranger was placed on permanent horseback patrol throughout the park to see that the rule was obeyed. A new incinerator—large enough to handle all the chalet's garbage—was installed. All unnatural sources of food, such as the dumps at Polebridge and Granite Park, were cleaned up and the park service's long-standing rules against feeding bears were strictly enforced for the first time in anyone's memory.

Ironically, the stern program of 1968 seemed to have a more telling effect on the park's relatively harmless black bears. Twenty black bears were put to death, or about three times the summertime average. But the grizzlies seemed to sense that a crackdown was on, and relatively few sightings were made. The only grizzlies to be executed were the one at Kintla Lake and the cub that had been wounded the year before at Granite Park. Early in 1968 the young bear was seen near Many Glacier. It was in poor physical condition, unable to feed properly with its shattered jaw. A ranger put the pathetic creature out of its misery.

To many these killings were insufficient. For the first time in history a substantial body of public opinion called for the formal annihilation of *Ursus arctos horribilis* in the continental United States. To be sure, the pro-grizzly sentiment outweighed the anti-grizzly sentiment, but no one could remember a time when so many people were willing to stand up and demand that the animal be put to death.

Defenders of the great bear answered by quoting the National Park Service's mandate: "The animals indigenous to the parks shall be protected, restored if practicable and their welfare in a natural wild state perpetuated." The park might be for the people, but it was also for the grizzlies and wolverines and all the other animals which had

continued

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lived within its borders for centuries.

All well and good—but the grizzly needs space, and the continental United States no longer has the space to give him. If he is denied running room, and the human animal continues to bump against him in ever-increasing numbers, the grizzly will again maim and kill. The National Park Service does not seem certain of this fundamental fact nor does it seem to realize that America's last frontier was eliminated on the morning of Aug. 13, 1967. After all the lessons of that long and dreadful night, the park service still was able to report a year later that "bear incidents and management actions during 1968 continue to support the hypothesis that increases in visitor use are not reflected by increases in the number of bear incidents." In other words, bears and humans, like whiskey and water, may be mixed in all proportions. This is the romantic approach, the approach of many professional wildlife managers who feel that all nature can be manipulated by their hands, who deeply admire the grizzly and do not want him harmed and are frenziedly flailing about for rationalization of their viewpoints. The fact is that grizzlies and humans are *not* compatible in large numbers in any circumscribed area, and a program that assumes the contrary is doomed to tragic failure.

So long as the National Park Service continues to permit more and more humans to flow willy-nilly into all the nooks and crannies of Glacier National Park, tragedy is inevitable. A summer or two, perhaps three or four, may pass without serious injury. But standards will slip, complacency and human error will return, and along will come another grizzly that is peculiar, like the one at Trout Lake, or another grizzly that has been baited into proximity with humans and lost his respect and his fear, like the one at Granite Park. Then more human life will be sacrificed, almost as certainly as tamaracks lose their needles and beavers eat aspen bark.

Then the grizzly will go like Arthur of the legend, who retired to a cave with his knights to wait for the world to grow up to his stature and ask him to return. The grizzly, in his own way as noble a king as Arthur, will not return; he will be lost forever, along with the wild frontier on which he lived his final few years as the mightiest animal of the North American wilderness. **END**



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PEOPLE

The proliferation of golf tournaments sponsored by entertainers may reach the ultimate sometime in 1971 when the first annual **Jackie Gleason** golf tournament is scheduled to take place near Fort Lauderdale. Right now, the tournament is supposed to have a $300,000 purse with $75,000 going to the winner, but Gleason says, "We will top whatever prize money is being offered elsewhere." Such an extravaganza cannot be held just anywhere, so Gleason, himself a golf addict of long standing, is planning what is billed as "the most elaborate golf facility in the world"—a par-72, 455-acre course that can be stretched out to play 8,029 yards and will cost around $50 million. With permanent camera locations at all 18 holes and elevated walkways for spectators, the course is designed with TV in mind, even to the point of flower beds and rock gardens for the color cameras. The course's name? The Great One, what else?

Comedian **Joe E. Lewis** has what might be called the evening line on female jockeys. Says Joe E., as reported by Columnist Leonard Lyons: "Some men have been ruined by women and some men by horses. Now we have a parlay. . . "

◆ A Pierre Trudeau he is not, but neither is **Georges Pompidou,** who has a good shot at becoming the next president of France, what you would call a sedentary statesman. Until he had a bad accident in 1958, Pompidou was such a good skier that he gave his wife **Claude** "an inferiority complex." Both M. and Mme Pompidou are skilled equestrians (she is astride the horse; he is at its head), he is an enthusiastic Rugby fan and a pheasant hunter, but his favorite sport is the French bowling game *pétanque*. Pompidou learned to swim at Saint-Tropez in 1951 at the age of 40. Says Mme.: "He likes swimming—a little, but he is a bad swimmer." A Mme. de Gaulle she is not.



◆

"Hitters are so different from pitchers," is the analysis of one who should know—**Mamie Van Doren.** Miss Van Doren, 36, once dated by Pitchers Sandy Koufax and Bo Belinsky and recently divorced from minor league Pitcher Lee Meyers, has now focused her attention on Outfielder **Tony Conigliaro,** 24. "He doesn't look like a baseball player," says Mamie. "He's every woman's dream. He has sex appeal as well as sock appeal." Dating hitters is more difficult, Mamie went on to say, because hitters have to play every night. And what does Tony C. have to say about Mamie? "We're just good friends."

Altruism seems to be ranking right up there with X's and O's in the hearts of **Sid Gillman** and **Joe Paterno.** Gillman, head coach and general manager of the San Diego Chargers, is serving as chairman of the mayor's committee for the San Diego Job Fair, a community effort to find summer employment for 6,000 disadvantaged youths. "One of these days I'll get back to football," Gillman says. "I haven't met with my coaching staff for a month and they think I'm crazy." Paterno, head coach at Penn State, donated a $500 set of golf clubs to be used as the grand prize in a raffle to raise money for a new uniform for the Nittany Lion mascot and for the Martin Luther King Jr. scholarship fund. The clubs were given to Paterno by the Orange Bowl committee after Penn State edged Kansas last New Year's Day. Of course, Paterno's golf game may have contributed as much to the donation as his good heart. "My handicap," he says, "is my swing."

One of the biggest hits in Paris is a nightclub act being held in, appropriately enough, the Palais des Sports. There, Pop Singer **Johnny Hallyday** has been knocking them cold. Dressed in maroon trunks and ring shoes, Hallyday sings while "fighting" Dancer Lester Wilson. Backing Hallyday is a 40-piece band, a group of electric guitars, girl dancers, flashing lights, bells, police sirens and amplified crowd screams. The act winds up with Wilson on the ropes, seemingly unconscious, and Hallyday lying on the stage, smeared with fake blood, emitting amplified groans while teen-age girls race up the aisle screaming for him to throw a punch in their direction. In other words, sock it to me.

◉ Jackie-watchers thrilled when **Mrs. Aristotle Onassis** and her son **John** turned up at the St. Bernard Horse Show in Gladstone, N.J. One of four entrants in the family event, Jackie, on Winchester, and young John, on Macaroni, took a second, but a show official dryly remarked that "Jackie is a very poor rider, with terrible form. Maybe she does better in the hunt field, which I am sure is what she really likes to do." As for John, at one point when Jackie called him, he locked himself in the lavatory which may indicate what he *doesn't* like to do.

◉



ROWING / *Hugh D. Whall*



GRANT'S OARSMEN [illegible] the [illegible] way through the yachts in Lido Isle [illegible]

Eight times two equals four

The rowing coach at Orange Coast has only two years to work on his oarsmen, but eight of them together can beat many four-year schools

Coxswain-sized David A. Grant, head rowing coach and dean of men at Orange Coast College at Costa Mesa, Calif., likes to call his heavyweight crew "the varsity." But that, of course, is silly, because Orange Coast College is not now and never was a university (which is what varsity means). Orange Coast is a sprawling junior college with only two classes, the freshman and the sophomore.

Nevertheless, in four years, with only two years to work on each of its members, dapper, determined Coach Grant has molded a rowing squad at OCC good enough to beat every jayvee crew in the West, as well as a number of genuine four-year varsities. So far this season OCC has won three of its six races, beating the University of Southern California, Long Beach and San Diego State.

To accomplish such wonders, Dave Grant has developed a coaching method that combines the recruiting zeal of a pro football scout at draft time, the firm touch of a natural disciplinarian, the infinite curiosity of a scholar, and the enthusiasm of a scoutmaster on jamboree.

"Quiet in the boathouse means just that!" warns one page in a booklet Grant hands out to each of his recruits at the start of the season. "Haircut: get a short one," orders another. The insistence on deportment extends even to the time spent in the shells themselves. If there is idle conversation in any boat, warns Grant's book, "that shell will be returned to the boathouse and the workout will be continued on the machines."

These torture devices, along with other rowing paraphernalia, are stored in a sharp-looking Quonset hut big enough to house four Pocock shells. It is located only yards from the roaring traffic of the Pacific Coast Highway on one side and Lido Island Channel on the other. The round-roofed shelter lies like a lazy turtle on a green lawn kept neat and trim by the OCC oarsmen themselves. "We could have the college gardeners come down and do the lawn or paint the dock," says Grant, "but somehow it wouldn't be the same."

Like many college rowing organizations, OCC's crew must constantly scrounge for funds. Flattered with an invitation to row in the IRA at Syracuse last year, it had to beg for money to get there. A public drive soon demonstrated how the people of Orange County felt about their rowers. Needing only $2,500 to get to the New York lake, Grant wound up with twice that amount, including a fat check from OCC's friend and neighbor, John (Duke) Wayne.

The Duke's huge house is only one of many mansions that line the glittering stretch of water on which Grant's impoverished boys do their practicing. A constant stream of sail and power traffic shares the waterway with the rowers, and on occasion the Duke orders his big minesweeper-converted-into-yacht *Wild Goose* to moor athwart the channel to keep the traffic away when OCC is out on the water. Only once have the oarsmen come to grief.

As Grant explains it, his shell was headed down the channel when a little Sabot class sailboat darted out from the shore on a converging course. Slicing forward at a 43- to 44-stroke beat, the shell was moving much too fast to stop. "Good God," Grant cried out from the dock, as he saw the bow of the shell headed straight for the sailboat, "lay it off, lay it off!" But even as he yelled, the sharp bow of the shell speared into the Sabot.

"It impaled that boat," said Grant in wonderment later. "It went right in one side and out the other, but, you know," he added proudly, "it did no more than scratch our shell."

Grant, who is something of a sailor himself, started his coaching career at about the time the so-called "interval system" was coming into vogue. This is the training regimen in which a crew switches without pausing from a fast beat to a medium to a slow and back to a fast with no rest periods between. One of the most successful practitioners of it was Harvard's Harry Parker.

Parker, famous though he is, has never been too busy to counsel the fledgling coach of Orange Coast. Their association began when Grant, having reached a point where he could let his oarsmen concentrate on rowing instead of building boathouses, found himself at a loss to understand why his practice sessions on the water were not going the way they should. Seeking an answer to this, among other questions, he boldly wrote to the man most likely to know.

continued

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"Harry," he explained, "knew what to emphasize, and he told me what to watch for and what to ignore. He also told me not to give up on the system, that there were days when he himself thought it was never, never going to work either."

For about six weeks after consulting Parker, Grant continued to snap at his men's heels, keeping them rowing practically day and night. Starting at 7:15 in the morning, the OCC boys would stay on the water until time to go to school. After classes they would come back for sessions lasting late into the evening. Still their shell ran in spasms that increased the doubts of both crew and coach that they would ever get the boat moving right.

Then suddenly one day it all clicked as boat and crew fell into harmony. "It seemed as though the boat was being towed, it ran so smoothly," says Grant. He remembers that his stroke, sensing the newfound rhythm, broke into a grin that spread practically from one side of the shell to the other.

However, Grant still worried whether his eight would hold up under pressure against rival schools, whether Orange Coast would be able to apply the racing technique it followed so well in practice to actual competition. His anxiety was wasted. In its next race, against rival California, OCC did what it had never done before. It won a race, and by a convincing length and a half.

Grant still has a long way to go before overtaking his idol, Harry Parker, but he is not pounding his breast over the fact. He doesn't even seem to mind when some of his oarsmen go on to schools like UCLA to finish their education and row in rival crews. He doesn't mind that other coaches accuse him of running nothing more than a farm club for his alma mater, UCLA. What he does mind is Cal.

Up tight is an extreme understatement for describing Grant's opinion of the Golden Bears. At his first dual meet with Cal at Oakland, the Orange Coast crew was allotted, according to Grant, both inferior accommodations and a shell that leaked. "We got so mad," says Grant, "that when we met them on our own waters later on, we whipped them twice as badly as we otherwise would have." **END**



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A big victory for little Ben

For years Gardner Dickinson has been Ben Hogan's protégé, so it was fitting that last week he should win the Colonial in Hogan's home town

The Colonial National Invitation is one of the oldest tournaments on the professional golf tour, and through its 23 years it has earned a lot of fascinating labels. One is The Open Track, because it has usually been a good warm-up for the U.S. Open; another is Hogan's Alley, because Ben Hogan has won it five times; a third is The Masters of the Southwest, because it is a huge week-long social event for Texans. Finally, it sometimes is called Hold-it Headquarters, because a hold-it—as in stop, look and look again—is a pretty girl in Texan talk, and no place on the pro tour, according to the sport's widely traveled authorities, turns out as many All-Star hold-its in the gallery as Colonial in Fort Worth.

All of these elements combined last week to produce one of the finest events of the season. The hold-its were out in swarms in their hip-huggers, and sometimes they were in such as the Friday when Arnold Palmer was astonished to be sitting on a bench in the men's locker room only to have a lady dash past a guard at the door and land, momentarily, in his lap. When this sort of thing wasn't happening certain players discovered notes in their lockers from a variety of Suzys and Bettys inviting them to parties. Las Vegas used to be the tournament that all of the touring pros' wives tried to attend for obvious reasons. But Colonial is gradually becoming a no-cut.

The tough old Colonial Country Club course was its bestial self again. It is tight, tricky, long, watered, bunkered and well forested, a course that staged the 1941 U.S. Open and has survived some alterations to remain as difficult a par-70 as there is. It is the kind of course that ruins a chance-taker. ("I think there's something subconsciously wrong with me," said Palmer. "I'm trying to hit the ball too close to the hole.") For example, Arnold Palmer's last three rounds were 68, 80, 69. Tom Weiskopf shot a 68 on Saturday and followed it with an 82, for a reason he simply couldn't explain. Bert Yancey tied the course record of 65 one day and shot a 77 the next, using the same clubs and the same swing.

Colonial has nearly always demanded experience and patience. Except for Dave Stockton in 1967, no brash, young intruder has ever won. The list of former Colonial champions has reflected age and wisdom. It was no coincidence that Hogan won it five times or that Billy Casper and Julius Boros won it twice. These three, Colonial's only repeaters, have managed to capture almost as many U.S. Opens.

"It's a thinking, managing type of course," Casper said. "And that's what most Open courses are. That's why Hogan was always good here." Always held about a month before the Open, the Colonial has been a fairly nifty gauge for what to expect in the big one later on. Time and again players who have finished well at the Colonial have done the same at the Open, and in some instances the Colonial winner or runner-up has gone ahead to win the Open. If the trend holds this year Gardner Dickinson will be the 1969 Open champion if he qualifies at Memphis.

Dickinson brought it all together at

continued



WINNER DICKINSON IS HOGAN-SERIOUS



RUNNER-UP PLAYER IS MR. SUNSHINE

Colonial in the last round Sunday—14 years of experience in the tournament and a lot of knowledge about his game and the course from his old friend Ben Hogan, who sat in the gallery in a straw hat like 30,000 other people.

Dickinson ripped off a four-under 66 in the last round for his winning total of 278 to beat his jet chauffeur, Jack Nicklaus, and several other experienced contenders, among them Gary Player, just back from South Africa, Don January, Bob Charles, Bruce Crampton and George Knudson. "I frequently bum a ride with Jack on his plane because we live near each other in Palm Beach, so give him a plug," Gardner joked.

With just nine holes to play, Dickinson was tied with four other players for the lead, and it seemed that a sudden-death playoff would be a certainty. But the 41-year-old veteran, who still wears the old white cap like Hogan and at times even walks with a Hogan limp, had his best golf ahead of him. He kept pouring three-irons and four-irons into the greens for good birdie putts. Three of them dropped, and he pulled away to win his biggest purse ever, $25,000, by one stroke.

"I never looked at the scoreboard because I'm color blind," said Gardner. "I can't tell red from green. I just kept playing.

"I can't tell you how nice it is to win on this golf course." Dickinson continued, "and not just because of Ben. This place has eaten me alive. I always think I'll play well at Colonial because it's not a wedge course and I'm not a good wedge player. Par is a good score and that peps you up."

Hogan's presence is always felt at Colonial, and this time it was especially so. On Thursday evening out at Shady Oaks, another country club across town, Hogan had worked with Dickinson for over an hour as Gardner practiced. On putting? "No," Dickinson said slowly. "I let Ben tell me how to get to the greens, but not what to do on 'em." He said Hogan gave him a couple of pointers about the way he was addressing the ball—the kind of thing you can't see yourself, the kind of thing another old friend, Toney Penna, has helped him with. "You can subconsciously work yourself into a bad habit and only somebody watching you who knows as much about the golf swing as a Hogan or a Penna can get you out of it," Dickinson said.

Nicklaus played much better than he has in recent weeks, and there were times when it looked as if he might win. He led the tournament briefly on Saturday, but four bogeys on the last five holes put him behind. On Sunday, playing with Dickinson, he was only one stroke behind him as the two finished the 14th, but again Nicklaus faltered on the closing holes. He bogeyed the 15th and 16th and had to hole a 30-foot putt to save his par on the 18th to finish in a tie for fourth.

Nicklaus has never liked playing at Colonial because it is not his type of course. Too often he has to hit a three-

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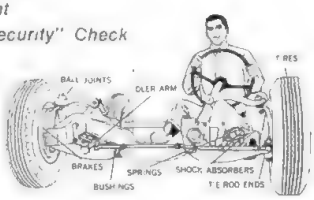
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wood off the tee instead of banging away with his driver as he can at, say, Augusta, where the fairways are wide. He has skipped Colonial three of the last four years, but now, with his game shaky, he felt he needed the work before the U.S. Open. Maybe he got it. We'll see in a fortnight or so.

It has been a nutty year in golf, and Colonial took care of a lot of the strange tour winners and gave the game a strong look of order at the finish. Tough course, name players do well. It made sense. Lost in the creeks most of the time were the Bunky Henrys and Jim Colberts who have won tournaments earlier—a situation that prompted Jackie Burke to say a while back, "I'm gonna make a comeback and rescue the game from the cowboys and extra-point kickers."

The victory was particularly rewarding for Dickinson, who has been a player who just scratches along, as he puts it, for years. "It's tough when you *know* you can play golf and you don't come up with much, and the years keep going by," he said. "I almost quit this year. I had a friend who wanted me to go into another business, but when I said I was ready he said he wasn't. So I'm still out here. Now I guess I got to stay a while longer."

As Dickinson came strolling down the last fairway with an adequate cushion to outlast a closing birdie by Gary Player, the longtime follower of Colonial tournaments had an odd impression. From a distance Dickinson looked like Hogan, the man he has tried to copy and a man who not only dominated this tournament for so many years but one who has dominated revisions of the course by reslopeing fairways, redesigning greens and chopping down more big oaks than some members have thought necessary. "I guess Ben finally cut down enough trees that you could win," someone kidded Dickinson later.

Gardner laughed and said, "Hey, I don't think I want to argue with that man about what a golf hole ought to look like. I believe he's seen a few and knows something about shot value." So in the end it seemed appropriate that Hogan's friend won on Hogan's Alley. And late Sunday Gardner Dickinson was safely aboard Jack Nicklaus' jet, leaving a lot of Texas hold-its to make do with their husbands or boy friends until the Masters of the Southwest comes around again. **END**

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BASEBALL / *Mark Mulvoy*

KC is back with a vengeance

A bumptious millionaire's money and a profound dislike for former bosses have helped build big-league baseball's most successful expansion club

Win or lose, the old Kansas City Athletics, who happened to lose many more games than they ever won, were always comical. They had monkeys in left field, donkeys in center and sheep in right. Old Drum, a German shorthair, worked their infield during the fifth-inning brushup. And for bench strength there were greased pigs, cows, a ball-serving rabbit and a balky mule named Charley-O.

Unhappily for Owner Charles O. Finley, the people of Kansas City figured they already had an adequate zoo. What they preferred to see in Municipal Stadium were ballplayers, genus major league. Their disenchantment sent Finley scurrying to Oakland and the city fathers scrounging around for a new club. They have one now with real live baseball players and a real live management. The new Kansas City Royals not only *fail to look like an ASPCA pickup team*; they have a better early season record than any baseball expansion team ever. This includes 1969's other new franchises—Seattle, San Diego and Montreal—and the four clubs established earlier in the 1960s, California, Washington, Houston and the New York Mets.

Ironically, KC is the only expansion team in history that concentrated primarily on young players (some sadly underestimated by other clubs) who might win in the future. All the others drafted pensioners in an attempt to provide immediate respectability. Of the earlier clubs, the California Angels managed to finish third in their second year of operation, but the rest, except for brief spurts, thudded to the bottom and have been bumping along there ever since.

The Royals had a winning record after their first game. They beat the Minnesota Twins with a run in the bottom of the 12th inning on Opening Day, and the next night they beat the Twins again with a run in the bottom of the 17th inning. *This mad nightcap baseball has* been the Royals' style all season.

They won their first three extra-inning games. They won nine of their first

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13 one-run games. They rallied from behind in 13 of their first 18 victories. And *they won eight games in their last turn* at bat. "It used to be that you didn't think about a game too much when you played one of the new clubs," Brooks Robinson of the Baltimore Orioles said last week in Kansas City. "Now you've got to be ready for them or else they're going to beat you."

So far this season the Royals have played with a desperate vengeance complex. "We've got enough guys who were kicked around by other clubs that it's never any problem getting keyed up when we play against our old club," said Pitcher Mike Hedlund, a freckle-faced redhead who pitched nine games for Cleveland. Hedlund started against the Indians last Thursday night, and for six innings he was practically untouchable. He worked so hard, though, that he lost nine pounds, and in the seventh inning he began to fade. Moe Drabowsky rescued him in the last two innings. "Yeah, that meant a lot to me," Hedlund said after the game. "I couldn't even get to Triple A with them."

Consider briefly what some of the other Royals have done to their old teams so far this season

• Mike Fiore beat the Orioles with a two-run pinch-hit double in the ninth inning at Baltimore.

• Joe Keough had three hits, including two doubles, in a 9–3 win over the Athletics.

• Paul Schaal, recalled from the minor leagues for the weekend, drove in the winning run against the Angels in one game and the go-ahead run in the next.

• Jack Hernandez, an easy out when he played in Minnesota last year, walked in the 17th inning and scored the winning run against the Twins.

• Spanky Kirkpatrick had three hits in one game against the Angels and a home run in another.

• Lou Piniella, cast away by Washington, Baltimore, Cleveland and Seattle, helped beat the Pilots twice and then sent a game against the Orioles into extra innings with a two-out base hit in the bottom of the ninth inning.

• Pitcher Roger Nelson, KC's first selection in the expansion draft, stopped the Orioles for more than eight innings, then departed with the score tied 2 2.

Such revenge probably will continue. Joe Foy, who has been the best Royal so far this year, has not played against

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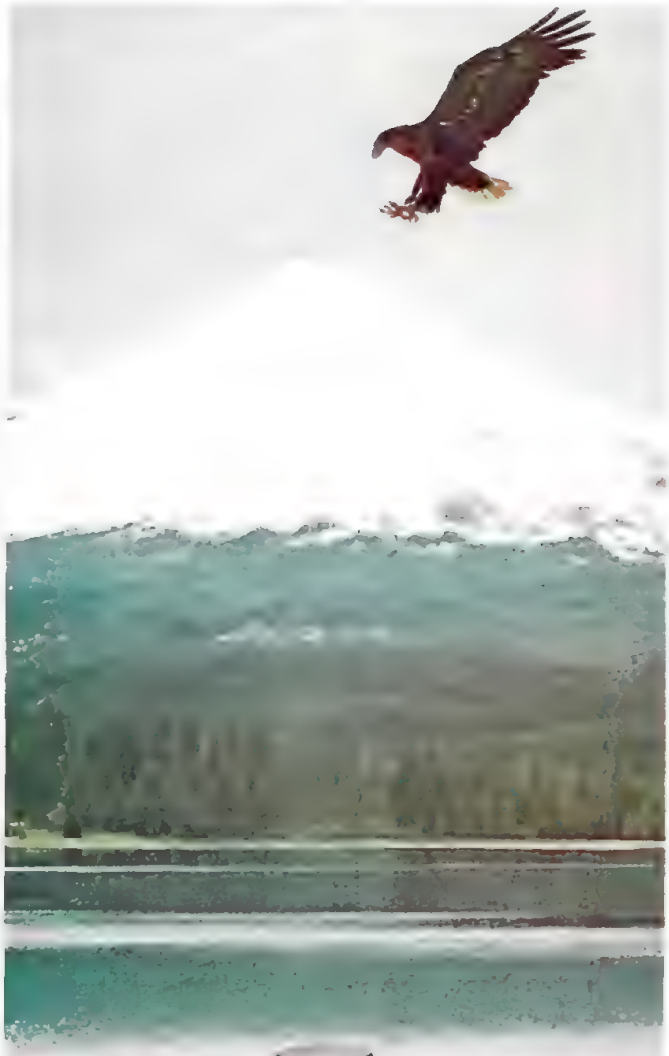
the Red Sox yet, and he has this thing about Dick Williams. "I played under a handicap with Williams," Foy said. "If I made an error or was caught stealing, then I'd be on the bench the next day. He was on me about my weight all the time, too. I was 209. So he benched me. Now I'm playing at 215, my natural weight, and no one is bothering me." Foy has played a steady third base and already has stolen 11 bases. "No pressure, no pressure," he said.

This vengeance complex has motivated the Royals so intensely that already they lead the major leagues in fights. They won their first one when Catcher Jim Campanis decked Tommy Harper of the Pilots and Catcher Eliseo Rodriguez connected with a hard left hook to the chin of Ray Oyler. They have been rambunctious ever since and the ensuing excitement has revived Kansas City's interest in big-league ball. For the locals, the days of Finley, and before him Arnold Johnson—when nobody knew until game time what players the New York Yankees would ship in to replace the Roger Marises and Ralph Terrys and Clete Boyers they needed to win another pennant—are merely bad memories now.

"I may own this team," says Ewing Kauffman, who paid $6 million for the expansion franchise, "but it is Kansas City's team—not mine." What Kauffman means is that he wants a winner for the city in which he was raised and in which he made himself a multimillionaire. Kauffman is the founder and the president of Marion Laboratories, Inc., a Kansas City-based prescription pharmaceutical company. "Marion stock has multiplied 16 times in the last three years," Kauffman said before a Royals game last week. "If you had invested $60,000 in Marion stock three years ago, you would be a millionaire today."

Kauffman likes to talk and spend money, and he associates everything with "million." "This club," he says, "is going to draw about a million two [1,200,000] in Kansas City this year." Kauffman himself has been the team's top fan. In fact, he bought the club mainly because his wife, Muriel, told him he needed a diversion from his pharmaceutical business. "Also, the team needed local ownership for a change," he said. "I had the money, and I could give it to them. I knew we had a franchise. Senator Stuart Symington told

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baseball to give Kansas City a team or else the next time baseball heard from him he would be speaking on the floor of the United States Senate."

Kauffman sits behind the Royals dugout at every home game. His wife sits next to him. His jet pilot and his chauffeur are nearby. Kauffman smokes a pipe during the game, and he keeps a transistor radio plugged into his left ear. Since he owns the Royals, Kauffman also manages them.

"I'd have taken out the kid [Hedlund] and brought in Moe [Drabowsky] a little sooner than Joe [Gordon] did," Kauffman said after one game last week. Gordon later explained that Drabowsky was "not completely warmed up." "That's why he's the manager and I'm the owner," Kauffman said. "He's won more games than I have this year, there's no doubt about that." When the Royals rallied with five runs in the ninth inning to beat the Tigers in Detroit one night, the Kauffmans were so elated that they jumped onto the Royals dugout roof and did an impromptu jitterbug.

One reason for Kansas City's early success may be Kauffman's attitude toward the team. "We still can't believe the club flew our families back from spring training," said Pitcher Dave Morehead. "Cats, dogs, everything. I don't think any club in baseball does that. When you play for first-class people, you try to play first class, too."

So far, the other new clubs this year have played first-class baseball, too. Last Friday night was a perfect example. Seattle scored six runs in the top of the 12th inning to beat the Red Sox in Boston. San Diego scored a run in the bottom of the ninth to beat the Cardinals. Montreal lost to the Atlanta Braves in the 11th inning, and the Royals forced Baltimore into the 11th inning before they lost, too. Kansas City has had a good attendance average (almost 14,000 per game). Montreal, which has suffered snow, wind and subfreezing temperatures, has been even better, at 14,880 a game. San Diego has averaged almost 12,000, while Seattle, which plays in a 22,500-seat park, has averaged 8,998.

All four expansion teams are playing better baseball than the older expansion clubs did in their first season. "Baseball has learned through its mistakes," said Cedric Tallis, the executive vice-president of the Royals, who was an Angels officer during the first expansion in 1961. "We had more and better players to select from. I remember one year when the Angels had only 28 players in training camp."

Thanks to Ewing Kauffman's money, the Royals have had no such problems. They bought a number of veteran Triple A players to protect them during the expansion draft, then selected promising young players in the draft itself. "We knew the people would stick with us if we stayed with the kids," Kauffman said.

So far the people have. And the Royals have been sticking close in the Western Division of the American League. No zoos, either. **END**

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by ROBERT F. JONES

All right, how's this for a new TV series? A family of clean-living, close-cropped, superathletic beautiful people living in Southern California, in contrast to all those degraded hippies and degenerate Hollywood types. Dad was All-America in college—basketball and soccer, let's say- and then played pro ball (get this) while earning a medical degree in pediatrics. Mom is a former Miss America who was also a swimming star and a Broadway show girl, a blonde version of Esther Williams, you know, with that swish-swish backstroke style and that haughty but healthy bod. Mr. and Mrs. All-America. And they have these four groovy kids, two boys and two girls, all of them ultrabright students and kiddie superstars in any sport they try. The kids have those kookie-cutesie names Kiki and Tauna and Heather and Brük and because their daddy, the doc, thinks America's teachers have gone soft on physical education, he sets up his own private school and day camp, and he concocts his own supervitamins for young athletes and is even writing a medical manual for juvenile sports—a sort of Spock for the jock. Then this

continued



Golf lessons start early for the Vandeweghes. Ernie works with Brük, as Kiki waits his turn.

hippie moves into their backyard. . . .

Well, here the plot breaks down, for there is no hippie in the backyard of the Vandeweghe home at 275 Bentley Circle, Bel Air, Calif. Just a long-haired Irish setter named Sidney, a flower child only in that he eats the gardenias whenever he's left alone. In every other astonishing particular, though, the scene is as described above. Not that any Vandeweghe (which rhymes with Mandalay) would have the time to star on a TV series. They're all far too busy.

Dr. Ernest Maurice Vandeweghe Jr., formerly of Colgate and the New York Knickerbockers, spends 11 hours a day with his pediatric practice at the Prairie Avenue Medical Group, in which he became a partner eight years ago, near the Los Angeles International Airport. Ernie devotes the rest of his time to education (the Carl Curtis School, which he bought for his kids in 1964), day camping (All American Village in the canyons above Beverly Hills, which he founded in 1962, along with Jerry West, Don Drysdale and Les Richter), skiing (at Mammoth Peak, where he owns a large chalet) and sundry other sports, ranging from golf through water polo (at the Eldorado Country Club in Palm Desert, where he owns a modest $60,000 "cottage" just down the fairway from the one Dwight Eisenhower occupied).

At 40, Ernie is a brisk and bouncy 6′ 3½″ by 204 pounds, with salt-and-pepper hair topping a face frizzled in laugh wrinkles. Despite a torn cartilage in his left knee, which knocked him out of basketball in 1954 after five seasons with the Knicks, Ernie still has enough jump to harass a jackrabbit from horseback on the High Desert, drive a golf ball 300 yards, whip his eldest son at tennis (no mean feat, as you will see) or spike



Colleen takes over for tennis instruction.

a volleyball down the throat of any contending teen-ager. Naturally, Ernie can still swish a basket from 30 feet with disgusting ease—and only a few years ago, while serving as medical consultant to the L.A. Lakers, whipped Rudy LaRusso (ex-Dartmouth) for the "Ivy League Championship of Los Angeles" in a casual shooting match. So much for dad.

Mom is Colleen Kay Hutchins Vandeweghe, 41, who was Miss America in 1952 before undertaking a short-lived acting career (*Almanac* on Broadway with Hermione Gingold, *Boston Blackie* on the tube with Dick Kollmar). Colleen's major publicity during her "Miss A" year centered on her height (she stands 6′ 2″ in her four-inch heels) and her intellectual prowess in a field that previously demanded none (she was studying for a master's in dramatics at the University of Utah at the time of her coronation). Of course, there were a few news hens who had to be catty about Colleen. Judith Crist, then a women's page reporter for the late New York *Herald Tribune*, wrote thusly: "Miss America of 1952, the nation's newest, biggest and oldest beauty queen to date, breakfasted with reporters at the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday and, in the true tradition, discussed men, marriage and her future—and wore a sweater." Colleen, who admitted to being (in Crist's phrase) "unmarried at the venerable age of 25," was already dating Ernie Vandeweghe, whom she'd met through her brother, Mel Hutchins of the Fort Wayne Pistons. They were married in 1953, and there went Colleen's acting career. She more than compensates by being an exemplary mother to four extraordinary kids. "I'm the activist," says Ernie, "and Colleen's the teacher. That's the way it should be with dads and moms." Colleen frankly admits that she prefers the tennis court to the kitchen but when in the mood can outcook the Henny Penny Chicken Parlor or garden with the greenest of thumbs (hers are longer than the thumbs of most men). A fervent Mormon and a bit of a mystic, she reads in the occult and practices the power of positive thinking. "You've got to have a commitment,"

she says. "Mine lies with my children."

First among them is Kiki—actually *Ernest Maurice Vandeweghe III, a name* any self-respecting 10-year-old would abhor (shades of the prissy sissies the Katzenjammer Kids used to bug in the funny papers). Kiki got his nickname in Germany, where his dad served for 3½ years in the Air Force as a medical officer and basketball coach near Wiesbaden. The name comes from the German *ki-kilo, meaning cockscomb according to* Colleen, and derives from infant Ernest's Afro hairdo during the days of his babyhood. Today Kiki would have nothing to do with anything Afro: watching the Mexico City Olympics last summer, he vowed that when (not if) he wins his gold medal he'll raise a white-gloved fist in challenge to Tommy Smith and John Carlos.

When (not if) Kiki wins his gold medal, *it will be in swimming. It might have* been in almost any other sport, but a year ago he sat down with his dad and they went over his talents, one by one by one by one, etc., and decided that he was farther ahead of his age group in his ability to "move water" than in anything else. In opting for swimming, Kiki chose perhaps the toughest of disciplines: long hours of arm-heavy laps in the practice pool, where the only view is a shadowy blue blur that may be another swimmer or one's own imagination, the greedy slap and gurgle of arms (reach, grab, recover, reach, as the late Matt Mann rationalized it); the ring around the eyeballs, endemic to the competitive swimmer, caused by chlorine, which makes the whole wide world glow with halos on the way home from practice. Kiki responds well to the discipline—better, in fact, than any other 10-year-old. During a Southern Pacific AAU meet he swam a 57.5-second race in the 100-yard freestyle at Cal State in Long Beach. He had broken the existing record earlier in the year with a 58.8, only to see it lowered by Scott Spann of Greenville, N.C. to 58.2. Kiki stands 5′ 4″ tall, weighs 110 pounds and is growing in size and strength every day.

After Kiki comes Tauna, 9, named *for the Taunus Mountains of West Germany*, and No. 1 daughter in the Vandeweghe household, not only by virtue of age but by competitiveness. Indeed, Tauna may be the No. 1 Vandeweghe on that score. "She's something else," says Colleen. "After a swim meet she goes around and checks all the times—I mean *all* of them. 'Oh, I beat you by four seconds,' she tells one child. 'Two seconds for you,' to another. She's *really* something else." Beyond that, *Tauna is as nubile a nymphet as you'll* meet this side of Humbert's fancy. All blue eyes and sun-streaked hair, she is graced with legs as shapely as her mother's (her father's are crisscrossed with old soccer and basketball scars) and can charm any man in her presence—including Actor Randolph Scott, who has a nearby cottage at Eldorado. "It's interesting to see what kids want to be when they grow up," muses Ernie from beneath his pediatrician's hat. "Three of the kids want to be doctors, and one wants to be a movie star. Guess who?" Tauna, of course.

Then comes Heather, 7, a happy and husky little chick who demonstrates the independence common to third children. An ardent tree climber, bike rider, feeder of birds and catfish (the water hazards at Eldorado swarm with them), she much prefers to sleep in an old T shirt than in a nightgown. She's also an accomplished grapefruit snatcher. Eldorado is built on an ancient grapefruit orchard, and every morning the kids are sent out with golf clubs and baskets to harvest the day's breakfast. With her daddy's five-iron and a bit of a leap, Heather can snag sun-ripened grapefruit

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG





Kiki comes ashore from a chilly evening workout in the Santa Monica pool, and Tauna exhibits her newly acquired skill on the unicycle



By age 3 all the Vandeweghe kids were at home in the water—and enjoying it, which seems apparent as they take a group plunge for the camera

the way Bill Russell pulls down rebounds, catching them as they drop. They call her Heather-Feather, and she floats on the currents of the intrafamilial competition just as lightly as a tuft of goose down. In common with all of the Vandeweghe kids, she rides like an Indian, shoots a hard, straight game of golf and can hold her own with any of her peers on the tennis court. In the Cal State meet she won the 50-yard backstroke for 7- and 8-year-olds.

Lastly comes Brük, 5, whose name is pronounced "Brook" but quickly mutates into Brooksie or Boogie. He's a remarkably well-adjusted last child in a family with such highly developed competitive skills. "Brooksie knows he can't beat any of the other kids just yet," says Ernie, "so he simply works hard at acquiring the skills and bides his time. He knows they can't keep growing forever and that he'll catch up." During a recent "breakfast ride" out of Smoketree Stables near Palm Springs, Brooksie showed the stuff of future victories. He'd drawn a mean-tempered horse that seemed to be practicing for the Calgary Stampede. It snorted, stamped, bared its choppers and sunfished all over the desert. With the stirrups barely reaching the cinch buckle, the boy rode out the upheaval without once reaching for the saddle horn. "You know what?" he said later. "From now on this horse is a no-no."

All the children show an amazing fortitude, an absence of tears that any parent would be delighted to see in his own children. During another desert ride, Brük's horse kicked out at Tauna's (Brük seems to be bronco prone). The hoof caught her square on the shin. The girl winced and tightened her lips, and although tears came to her eyes she didn't let them run and she didn't complain. "We have a rule in the family," Ernie explains. "You can cry but you have to do it in your own room." When Kiki's 100-yard freestyle record was broken, he didn't sit around the house in a sul-

continued



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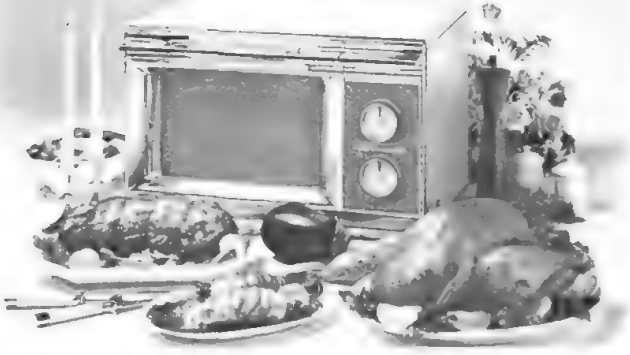
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len pet. In fact, he didn't even practice much harder. He simply sharpened up his sprinting and waited for the next meet—then won his record back.

All the kids are members of the Santa Monica Swim Club and work out for an hour each night at the Santa Monica Junior College pool. Despite Southern California's fabled sun, it can get mighty bleak and chilly in an outdoor pool during the winter dusk. The kids, along with some 65 others, swim under the guidance of UCLA Coach Bob Horn and his hard-driving assistant, Buz Thayer. After warmup laps in all four strokes (back, breast, butterfly and free), the kids swim their specialty in four 400-yard sprints, completing each in six- or seven-minute intervals, tumbling every turn and taking a tongue-lashing if they "dog it." ("You're dogging it," snaps Thayer. "Take another.") Actually there is very little goldbricking. Most of the youngsters know whom they have to beat to make the A team—or stay ahead of to remain on it—and each 400 turns into a kaleidoscope of personal duels. After practice the young Vandeweghes pile into Colleen's aging Mercedes convertible, pull their knit caps down over their ears and shiver their way home. Dinner can be freaky, what with the appetites stirred up by a few miles of swimming. Kiki has the family's farthest-out taste: often he wolfs down a dozen pancakes covered with chili sauce or a few lashings of Southern fried chicken smeared with honey.

Everyone in the family consumes three of Ernie's own Manna-Vita pills each day. "They contain every known vitamin and mineral beneficial to health, growth and alertness," says he with a pitchman's verve. "I got the idea for them while I was in the Air Force at St. Anton in the Austrian Alps. Our ski instructor was a little guy, only 5' 9", and his wife barely made it to 5'. I gave their baby boy a combination of vitamins, and in three years he was twice the size of any kid in the village. Of course, in the States everyone gives vitamins to their infants, but how many teen-agers take them? They take other kinds of pills, but actually a kid is lay-

continued

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Frank Gifford wears a trimmed collar jacket, mesh knit shirt, and shorts, about $14, $10 and $6 respectively. All wash and wear without a wrinkle. The teasing tennis girl? Also 100% wrinkle-free.

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ing on more tissue and muscle during his teens than a baby, and what's more it will be with him longer."

Of course, Ernie views vitamins only as a supplement to what's already there. "Genes play an important role, certainly, but it's really exposure that counts in turning a child into a top athlete," he says. "With our size, Colleen and I make up quite a gene pool, but without exposure to games our kids could have turned out to be average—if outsized—competitors." A firm believer in early training ("Kids are the best learners there are, and the older they get, the longer it takes to teach them"), Colleen had all the children swimming by the age of 3, swinging golf clubs, tennis rackets and baseball bats by 4, skiing, bike and horseback riding, playing basketball and football ever since they were 5. One incident Ernie relishes concerns a young boy who came to his medical office one day with a sprained ankle. "How'd he get it? Playing grade-school football. Well, his team would have to do without him. 'That's all right,' the kid said. 'We've still got our best receiver healthy, and she'll catch all the passes anyway.' She? 'Yeah, Tauna Vandeweghe!' " Ernie hadn't recognized the boy as a student at his own school and a teammate of his own daughter. "She can really play football," he says.

Eye-to-hand coordination is another important factor—and a talent that Ernie believes is best developed by continuous play. Kiki is a fine example. His tennis game is flat, hard and swift, replete with the incipient power of a Graebner and the range of an Ashe. "The only guy with faster reactions than Kiki is me," grins Ernie. And even at that, Kiki slams many a ball past his dad on the Eldorado courts. That's going some, since Ernie was once described as having the fastest hands in basketball ("That's how I caught Colleen"). At the Carl Curtis School in Beverly Hills, where Kiki is now a fifth-grader, the boy learned a popular game called Chinese handball. It differs from the regular game in that the ball—eight inches in diameter—must be slammed on the ground before it hits the wall. Ernie watched Kiki playing it when he was 7 and realized his son was a superb Chinese handballer. With a touch of paternal poison in his eye, he challenged Darrall Imhoff, then playing with the L.A. Lakers, to a test: "Is there any kid that can beat you at any game involving a ball? 'Hell, no,' said Darrall. Well, I took him around to the school, and Kiki whipped him at Chinese handball. They played for two hours, and Darrall never won a game. Kiki took it all in stride—he knows he's good at what he practices."

continued



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There are, however, a few things Kiki hasn't practiced. Last year, for example, Kiki seemed a bit unhappy about school. It wasn't his studies (he is running a B+ average) but—shockingly enough phys. ed. It seems that Kiki had not been doing very well in boxing. In fact, another boy in the gym class had been knocking him silly every day, and Kiki didn't want any more of it. "I took him aside and started teaching him how to box," Ernie recounts. "He told me, 'Dad, I know how to *hit* all right but I just don't like *getting* hit.' Well, I told him, then duck and weave and make like Muhammad Ali. 'Our coach doesn't let us,' Keeks said. See, he'd misunderstood what it was all about, and the poor kid was just standing there, letting this other kid clobber him, not moving his head when he saw the punches coming. He cleared it all up the next gym class and gave back a lot of what he'd been getting. Now they don't let anybody box him anymore."

Kiki's talents and probably those of all the other Vandeweghe children are still untapped in many areas. Two years ago, as an infielder with his local Little League team, the Rustic Canyon Dodgers, Kiki showed a strong arm, and his coach put him in to pitch during the last half of the season. The boy ran up a 4-0 mark, and his team won the six-team league's "World Series." Tauna saw a unicyclist at the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus one night and decided she had to have a one-wheeler. After all, everybody can ride on two. Ernie's mother, who is known in the family as "The Paranoid Purchaser," bought a unicycle, and in three weeks Tauna was cavorting around the Eldorado swimming pool like the shades of Hackaliah Bailey's original circus. The pedals are slightly bent from many falls, and Tauna's knees wore scabs for a while, but she kept at it and won. "None of the rest of us can do it," Colleen says with her ingenue's voice. Then again, they haven't tried. "Give her credit," says Mommy. "She persevered."

If it seems that the Vandeweghe family is all play and no brainwork, then the imbalance is the fault of the writer's

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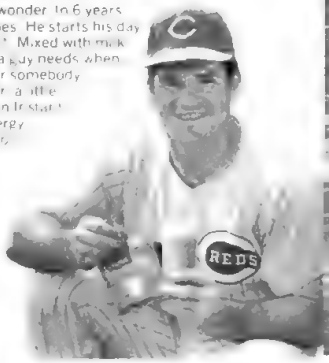


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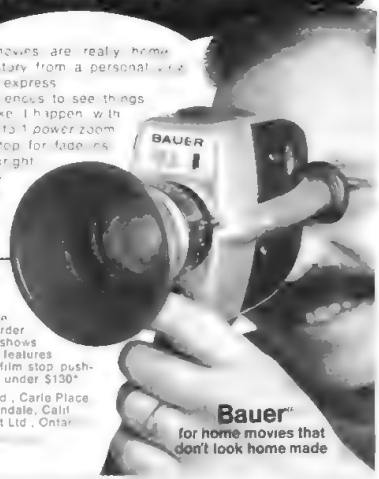
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emphasis. Indeed, Ernie, Colleen and Co. are as well rounded as or more so than—the next upper-middle-class family. Colleen's acting experience was not just showmanship. She has a keen interest in arts and letters. For years she held season tickets for the family to the Pasadena Playhouse, where she had studied; the family regularly attends the L.A. Philharmonic and pop concerts at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in Los Angeles' sprawling Civic Center. Colleen is an avid reader (currently: Cheever's *Bullet Park*), and Kiki is a promising painter (he and his best buddy, Actor Robert Stack's son Charlie, study oils under Portraitist Andrea Day). The girls study modern dance, and even Kiki can be forced into tux and black tie to perform at a local cotillion.

One comes away from a visit to the Vandeweghes with a feeling of awe and quite frankly—a tinge of angry envy. How can people be this good? Well, nothing can be done about the genes, and one has to grant that Ernie and Colleen got very, very lucky on that score when they fell in love. Another advantage quite beyond anyone's control is that Ernie is the scion of a very wealthy family. His father, who once starred at Colgate in soccer, held the exclusive chemical formula for tanning chinchilla and held it fiercely for the better part of a decade. The Vandeweghes are originally a Belgian furrier family, and Ernest Maurice Vandeweghe Sr. turned fur into a fortune. He also directed his sons (Ernie's younger brother, Gary, is a former All-Ivy basketball star at Dartmouth who practices law in San Jose, Calif.) into sports with a steadfast eye to the virtues of competition. "My dad is a golf nut," says Ernie. "He's always got a putter in his hand. He once golfed his way around the world. He lives for the game, and I'm thankful that he taught us what he did but even more thankful that we're broader in our interests. It all builds and builds and finally it all gets broader and better."

Keep that in mind, and maybe your son will beat Kiki's record or your daughter will upstage Tauna. And remember, eat your vitamins. END

GREAT RUM DRINKS

–four simple recipes

1. Rum & Tea: 1½ oz. white or silver (or gold or amber) Puerto Rican rum in a glass of iced tea. Try it with 100% India tea – tea from India.

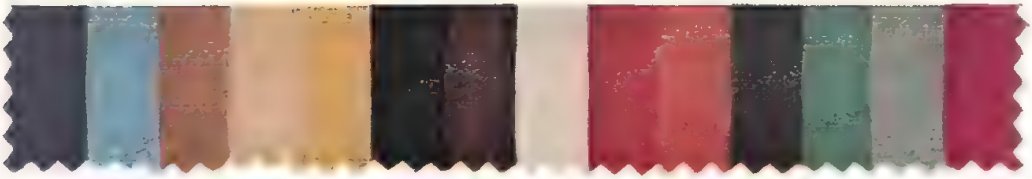
2. Rum & Orange: 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum; 3 oz. orange juice. Serve over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass. Float a few drops of Angostura bitters on top.

3. Daiquiri: ½ oz. lime juice and 1 tsp. sugar (or use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix); 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice; strain into cocktail glass.

4. Rum-on-the-rocks: 1½ oz. gold or amber Puerto Rican rum over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass; add lemon twist, if you like.

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Hit-or-Miss Races that Taught Men How to Fly

A few weeks ago Doubleday and Company published 'The Great Air Races,' a soundly researched account of the heroic, comitragic contests that gave birth to modern aviation. Herewith an excerpt by DON VORDERMAN

The years from 1909 through 1939 were the most exciting in aviation history. This was partly because the art was so young and was growing so fast; but more particularly because the men involved in it, more or less by accident and with a good deal of luck, hit upon the most direct and effective method of cultivating it. The method was air racing.

During this 31-year period (with the exception of the war years) virtually every new development in aeronautics was first tried out on racing or record-breaking aircraft. The results were often immediate sometimes triumphant, sometimes tragic—but it was by such means that aviation raised itself from the status of an intriguing novelty to the enormously elaborate science it is today. In 1946, after the tremendous strides made in the aeronautical sciences during World War II, attempts were made in the United States to recapture the glory of the prewar years, but to just about everybody's surprise the essence was gone. Flying the deadly offspring of World War II—Corsairs, Lightnings, Mustangs, etc.—brave and skillful men still gambled against the same odds, some winning, some dying, but the old sense of contributing to the advancement of aviation had disappeared.

The world's first international air races were held in late August of 1909 on the historic plain of Betheny, northeast of Rheims, where the troops of Joan of Arc had camped in 1429. News of this great event had spread all over Europe, and by the middle of August the population of this beautiful city had swollen to more than twice its normal figure. Overjoyed proprietors of quaint inns and restaurants were gratefully skinning the visitors for all they were worth, and hotel rates were 10 to 20 times the normal amount.

On the whole, however, the visitors could take it. Princes, ambassadors, actresses, producers, Roosevelts, Goulds, Vanderbilts and ordinary millionaires were everywhere, and somewhere among them were the pilots.

It was only to be expected that Europe's finest aviators would be there, headed by the great Louis Blériot himself. (Blériot's famous flight from France to England had been made only a few weeks before on July 25.) Among the others were Hubert Latham, Eugène Lefebvre, Count Charles de Lambert, English-born Henry Farman and one lone American named Glenn Curtiss.

Altogether, some 28 pilots had entered a few or all of the races scheduled, and the largest number of aircraft ever brought together (38) were being made ready in nearby buildings or tentlike hangars—which at that time were called "aerodromes."

There were six events for aeroplanes scheduled to cover the eight-day meet: the Grand Prix de Champagne, for the longest flight without alighting, with prize money totaling $20,000 donated by the local champagne growers; the Prix de l'Altitude, for the competitor reaching the greatest height during the week, $2,000; the Prix de Passagers, for the entrant carrying the greatest number of passengers around one lap of the circuit, $2,000; the Prix du Tour de Piste, a sustaining prize for the fastest lap around the course each day, $1,500; the Gordon Bennett Trophy, donated by James Gordon Bennett Jr., publisher of the *New York Herald*, for the fastest speed around two laps of the course, $5,000 plus a trophy; and the Prix de la Vitesse, for the fastest speed over three laps of the course, $4,000.

These last two events, along with the Grand Prix de Champagne, were the big ones, and there was no doubt in anybody's mind that new distance and speed records would be set. If anyone had suggested at the time that none of them would be won by a Frenchman, he most probably would have been challenged to a duel or at least locked up somewhere. No one, of course, did.

On the morning of the first day, Sunday, Aug. 22, the great air meet was declared open, and more than 100,000 visitors showed up to watch—in the rain! The weather was miserable, a layer of sticky, white mud covered the airfield and all roads leading to it, and local farmers were soon doing a healthy business hauling Rolls-Royces and Daimlers out of the muck. But the spectators bore the indignities willingly. They were well aware that they were about to witness the making of history.

The first day was devoted to qualification trials for the Gordon Bennett, the daily lap-speed prize and a three-lap, 30-km. event. Shortly after 10 a.m. Maurice Guffroy made the first attempt to get away. His little red R.E.P. monoplane

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continued

furiously sputtered and struggled across the gummy field. Back and forth it went, but despite the roars of encouragement from the huge crowd, it wouldn't come unstuck. Guffroy retired in disgust when his 15-minute limit was up.

Then Blériot appeared on the field with one of his monoplanes, and the crowd fell silent once more (most of those present had never even seen an aircraft before, hardly any a man actually in flight). Blériot, goggled and helmeted, gave a brief wave to the stands, opened the throttle of his 80-hp E.N.V. engine, bounced across the field for a few moments and then gently slipped into the air. The cheering stopped almost at once, though, as Blériot's carburetor quickly failed under its diet of mud and water (it was still raining quite heavily). He returned after flying one side of the course and making a hasty but safe landing—downwind.

Hubert Latham was the next away, also getting his Antoinette monoplane safely airborne and also promptly putting down again with the same carburetor bothers.

Captain Ferdinand Ferber's Voisin biplane was the next onto the field. As he was roaring through his takeoff run, his aircraft suddenly veered off course and made straight for the elegant gathering, which was peacefully watching from under the umbrellas of the open-air restaurant in front of the grandstand. He hit the dining area smack in the center, amazingly without serious injury befalling any of the diners—except perhaps to their appetites.

The only really successful flight of the morning followed as self-taught Pilot Eugène Lefebvre, who had been flying for only two months, actually managed to get his Wright biplane around the 10-km. course twice, the second lap made with a badly missing engine in a dangerously rising wind.

Obviously the weather was going to prevent the events being run off as scheduled, so at 3 o'clock that afternoon the contest committee met and selected Blériot and Lefebvre to represent France in the contest for the Gordon Bennett Trophy on Saturday.

At around 6 o'clock the wind and rain suddenly ceased, and almost at once there were more aircraft in the air at the same time and in one place than ever before. Latham's monoplane was the first away, followed immediately by De Lambert's Wright biplane, Roger Sommer's Farman biplane, George Cockburn's Farman biplane and the Blériot monoplane of French Sculptor Léon Delagrange. These were quickly followed by Henri Fournier's Voisin biplane, Lefebvre's Wright, Étienne Bunau-Varilla's Voisin biplane, Paul Tissandier's Wright and the Voisin monoplane of Louis Paulhan. Captain Ferber had patched up his Voisin after hauling it out of the restaurant and was the last to join in the spectacle.

The spectators were simply agog, with as many as 11 aircraft laboriously buzzing around the course at once, though most of the flights lasted only a few minutes. (Blériot, who was as famous for his accidents as for his successes, ended up in a haystack this time, as did Fournier.) Latham put the crowd on the edge of their seats by flying past at the giddy height of 150 feet.

Lefebvre once more demonstrated his complete mastery of his Wright biplane, tossing the frail little craft about in front of the stands before gently coming to rest in front of the judges' enclosure. The judges fined him $4 for "recklessness and daring." Only three entrants had managed to complete the required three laps. But that first day, at least from the spectators' viewpoint, had been an unqualified success.

The day had clearly been a walkover for the Wright machines, and the brothers who had given powered flight to the world were royally toasted (although they were not present) at a magnificent ball held in Rheims that evening. That lesser-known American, Glenn Curtiss, wasn't joining in the festivities either. He was very busy back at the airfield putting the final touches to a remarkable little aircraft.

On the second day, Monday, Aug. 23, the weather was as bad as ever, and though a moderate crowd of 60,000 or so showed up they didn't see any flying until late in the afternoon. This was the first day of the flights for the endurance prize (the Grand Prix de Champagne), which would close on Friday evening. Wilbur Wright's endurance record of 2 hours 20 minutes 23.2 seconds (77.48 miles) set at Le Mans on the previous New Year's Eve was never in danger throughout the day, but the lap record was beaten twice.

By 7 o'clock, broken, crumpled aircraft were scattered all over the course, and the attempts for the Grand Prix were as good as finished for the day. Blériot decided to have a shot at Lefebvre's lap record of 8:58.8 set the day before. He had the fastest of his five machines prepared, climbed aboard and roared off down the coarse, setting a new world record at the staggering speed of 42.87 mph.

Glenn Curtiss had been waiting for a challenge like this, and his little Herring-Curtiss biplane (Herring was a business partner of Curtiss' in the United States) was rolled out of its hangar and started up. Curtiss had also designed and built its 50-hp V-8 engine and, if anyone knew how to make it behave he did. As Curtiss whipped around the first pylon, the spectators were highly impressed by the smoothness with which the man and machine worked together but they were awestricken when Curtiss' time was posted: 8 minutes 35.6 seconds—seven seconds faster than the mighty Blériot! The world speed record now stood at 43.38 mph!

On the following morning Blériot had his revenge with a new record lap at 8:04.4—46.18 mph. Curtiss was grounded with carburetor problems all afternoon but he promised to have a crack at it the next day.

French President and Madame Fallières arrived sometime that afternoon accompanied by a rather nasty wind, which unfortunately kept everyone grounded. Everyone but Louis Paulhan, that is. The hearts of the crowd were in their mouths as Paulhan's little Voisin valiantly staggered around the course for more than half an hour at a dizzy 500 feet, at last setting down safely. Afterward, when asked why he had taken such a risk, he shrugged, amazed, "The President of the Republic was there! It was necessary!"

On Wednesday there was still no improvement in the weather, and once more there were no flights until well into the afternoon when Paulhan, Latham and Fournier tried for the endurance prize. Very soon both Latham and Fournier had disappeared, eventually arriving back on foot. Their machines were now resting in the "aeroplane graveyard," a hollow at the far end of the course where tricky wind currents had been collecting aircraft daily. Latham quickly rejoined the contest in a borrowed Antoinette but was down for good after only two laps.

On Thursday afternoon Latham at last managed to shake his bad luck and set up a new distance record of 95.92 miles

in 2 hours 13 minutes, doing more than 15 laps of the course. He broke a wing upon alighting but was unhurt. Three spectators were injured, however, when Rougier's Voisin fell into the crowd.

As the last day dawned for the Grand Prix de Champagne, just about everybody who had anything left to fly had a go. The weather had cleared at last, though it was still quite chilly. The favorites, Latham and Paulhan, were off first at about 11:00 a.m., followed by De Lambert, Tissandier and the rest. Henry Farman took off in his lumbering Voisin at about 4 that afternoon and began quietly piling up laps. By this time Latham and Paulhan were down again, both having broken Latham's earlier record. Paulhan quickly refitted his Voisin with a bigger fuel tank and was off again. But he was no sooner back on the course than he had to fly his machine into the ground to avoid running into Delagrange's Blériot. Air traffic problems are not as modern as one might think.

All this time Farman was quietly circulating and, when he passed the two-hour mark, the spectators and the other pilots began to take notice. Round and round he droned, first passing Wright's old mark, then those of Latham and Paulhan, on and on into the darkening sky. Flares were set up near the pylons, and motorists around the circuit obligingly turned on their headlights. Round and round. They were beginning to wonder if he had somehow become stuck up there, like some aerial Flying Dutchman, when he slowly began his descent at the end of his 18th lap and bumped awkwardly to a halt. His total distance was 111.85 miles in 3 hours 4 minutes 56.4 seconds, breaking all records for distance and endurance. In no mood to appreciate his triumph, Farman was so stiffened by the cold he was literally unable to move and was carried back to his hangar where the champagne corks had already begun to pop

On Saturday, the day of the Gordon Bennett race, the weather at last cleared up. Curtiss had tried out his aircraft just before dark on the previous day and had set his fastest lap yet, at 8:09.2. He worked his engine over again during the night, and the following morning, 11 minutes after the official starting time at 10 a.m., he was off on another trial lap. Whatever it was that he had done to his aircraft, it worked. He covered his test run in a time that sent Blériot scurrying for his goggles: 7:55.4.

As soon as Curtiss was down, he had his tank topped up (he was carrying a smaller, lighter tank now), slipped into a brown leather jacket and tore off on the first lap of the race for the Gordon Bennett Trophy. His first tour was at 7:57.2, and on the second lap, with the throttle wide open now and the V-8 engine sounding magnificent, he dived over the finish with a time of 7:53.2—a total of 15:50.4 averaging 47.65 mph.

Blériot was after it right away but he gave up his first attempt after a lap of 7:58.2. At 12:30 he tried again but could only get 8:14.4, and again, just after 3, giving up once more on his first lap. There was really no one else in the race, and the honor of France was weighing heavily on Blériot's shoulders. At 5:10 he made one last attempt (closing time was 5:30). His first lap equaled Curtiss' best time at 7:53.2, but his engine had had enough and began to lose power. His time for the two laps was 15:56.2. Glenn Curtiss had won the first Gordon Bennett race.

The weather on the last day of the meet was beautiful, the kind of day the champagne country is famous for. But Fate, for some, was as unkind as ever.

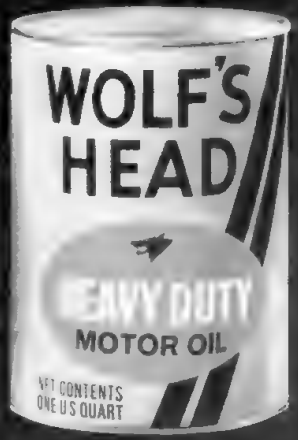
Curtiss really hit his stride now and after a few trial runs he set up a time in the three-lap Prix de la Vitesse that was not to be equaled. His only real rival, Blériot, did one fast lap at 7:47 and then simply disappeared! A column of smoke began to rise in the distance. When they got to him, he was found to be burned about his face and arms. Mercifully, his injuries were not serious. His rival, Curtiss, went to Brescia the following week to demonstrate his now famous aircraft and then returned to the United States to face a bitter legal battle with the Wright brothers. They claimed that his aileron device was an infringement of their wing-warping patents. It wasn't, but that's another story.

As historical eras go, the 31 years between that first Gordon Bennett at Rheims and the last prewar Nationals held at Cleveland in 1939 are only a few fleeting moments. But during that brief span man finally mastered the last of the elements that had resisted him. It was an exciting era, rich with both comedy and tragedy, and peopled with men who had discovered the most demanding pastime imaginable and went at it with a vengeance. END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

DOG SHOWS CH ARRIBA'S PRIMA DONNA, a 2½-year-old boxer owned by Dr and Mrs P J Ragano of Bellmore, NY, and Dr T S Eickes of Marblehead, Mass., was judged best in the 67th Long Island Kennel Club show. A record crowd of 5,513 watched 1,500 entries.

RED WATER REX, a 7-year-old pointer owned by E B Alexander Jr. and W T Pruitt of Jackson, Miss., was voted the Purina award as Northern trial champion for the 1968-69 season. He had also won in 1964 65.

GOLF It took a final-round 66 by GARDNER DICKINSON on the $125,000 Colonial National Invitation tournament, at Fort Worth, to defeat Gary Player by one stroke, 278–279 *(page 67)*

SANDRA HAYNIE of Texas won her second tournament in three weeks, the $16,000 St. Louis Invitational, in a sudden-death playoff.

HORSE RACING MAJESTIC PRINCE ($5.20) and Bill Hartack survived a foul claim to win the $182,000 Preakness, at Pimlico, by a head over Arts and Letters. *(page 24)*

SHUVEE ($3.60), ridden by Jesse Davidson, won the $59,550 Acorn Stakes for 3-year-old fillies—the first leg of their Triple Crown—by three-fourths of a length over Hail to Patsy, at Aqueduct.

NODOUBLE ($10) galloped home by a little more than two lengths over Rising Market in the $120,400 Californian, at Hollywood Park, in the stakes record time of 1:40⅘ for the 1⅛-miles. Eddie Belmonte rode the winner, who had been scratched the previous day.

RIGHT TACK (1 to 1), the Irish-bred, English-trained winner of the English 2,000 Guineas two weeks ago at Newmarket, became the first horse to take the Irish 2,000 Guineas as well, coming 2½ lengths ahead of Hotfoot, at The Curragh. Geoff Lewis rode Right Tack each time.

LACROSSE JOHNS HOPKINS recovered from its upset last week by Navy to defeat Maryland 14–8, thereby clinching at least a tie for the national championship.

MOTOR SPORTS GRAHAM HILL, England's defending world champion, won his fifth Monte Carlo Grand Prix with the Lotus-Ford he had driven to victory in last year's race and moved into second place behind Scotland's Jackie Stewart in the 1969 standings. Stewart led the first 22 (of 80) laps before he dropped out with a broken drive shaft.

ROWING HARVARD's powerful eight finished a length ahead of Wisconsin on a 2,000-meter Ohio River course in the spectacular, but current-aided time of 5:45.7. Brown, Purdue, Marietta and Notre Dame followed.

TENNIS – ROD LAVER beat Roy Emerson 6–2, 4–6, 6–1 in the finals of the $25,000 Madison Square Garden professional tournament for the $15,000 first prize and a tennis trophy.

TRACK & FIELD The Tri-Dr Martin Luther King Freedom Games were held at Villanova with five world record holders and 10 Olympic gold medal winners participating. A record 6[illegible] in the meet DAVE ROMANSKY of Pennsylvania State University broke the 6:20.1 mark by 3.5 seconds. The 36-year-old American record JOHN CARLOS was outstanding as he took the 200-meter in history (20.3) over his San Jose State teammate Lee Evans and former teammate Tommie Smith on his anchor leg in San Jose's 440-yard relay (40.3). WILLIE DAVENPORT won the 110-meter high hurdles in 13.3, a mere 1 off the world record, with a hand that required four stitches as a result of an unintentional spiking by third-place Erv Hall. Hall was in the race. But no Dave Wottle, world record-holder in the 800-meter run, was. LARRY JAMES won the 440 in 45.9 and anchored the relay team to a 40.1 victory over the Street Boys' Club of New York. In the mile, MARTY LIQUORI won the 1,500 meters in 3:44.3. BOB SEAGREN won the pole vault at 17' 7" failing in three tries at a new world record of 18'. Other winners included AL OERTER with a 201' discus throw, CHARLIE GREENE in the 100-meters and NORM TATE with a 25' 3¼" long jump, beating out Bob Beamon and Ralph Boston.

WISCONSIN, KANSAS and TENNESSEE all accumulated record point totals in winning their conference titles. The Badgers' 80 points bettered by six the Big Ten mark Illinois set in 1924 and completed Wisconsin's first indoor-outdoor sweep ever, but the individual star was LARRY HIGHBAUGH, a sophomore at Indiana, who picked up 17 points with firsts in the long jump (24' 7½"), the 100 (9.6) and the 220 (21.0) and by anchoring the 440-relay team to a meet record (40.1). Only Jesse Owens [illegible] scoring 24 points in 1935 and 1936. Another individual standout was TIM HEIKKILA of Minnesota who won the high [illegible] RAY ARRINGTON [illegible]. Baden achieved a double in the mile and half-mile within a span of 40 minutes. Running up an unprecedented 18½ points in the Big Eight, the Jayhawks were led by [illegible] HEMRYK, who won the mile and half-mile for the third straight year), but by STAN WHITLEY. Whitley, a senior, was named the outstanding athlete with a 26' 1" long-jump record, a third in the 220 and fourths in both the 100 and triple jump. Strong-arms KARL SALB, STEVE WILHELM and DOUG KNOP took all three places in both the shotput and discus. [illegible] KANSAS [illegible] scored 12 points, [illegible] 1,500 in 3:43.6. In SEC [illegible] Vols' Doug Rattay took 1st in [illegible] impressive in the 120-yard high hurdles, where winner RICHMOND FLOWERS [illegible] other Vols. Flowers' 13.5 clocking equaled the record he had set in the preliminaries. AL COFFEE, a freshman from LSU, had a meet-record 45.6 in the 440. Florida's MIKE BURTON long-jumped 24' 6" [illegible]. RON JOURDAN high-jumped 7'.

WEIGHT LIFTING Finland's KAARLO KANGASNIEMI, Olympic gold medalist in the middle heavyweight division, bettered three of his own world records with a press of 177.5 kilos and a snatch of 160.5 toward a total of 527.5. His old marks were 176.5, 158.5 and 522.5.

MILEPOSTS – NAMED. As coach of the ABA's Denver Rockets, JOHN McLENDON JR., 52, former coach at Cleveland State, North Carolina College, Hampton Institute and Tennessee A&I, with a 25-year college record of 523-152. He had also coached the Cleveland Pipers in the National Industrial and American Leagues. McLendon becomes the first Negro coach in the ABA.

TRADED. Philadelphia's All-NFL Offensive Tackle BOB BROWN, 27, to the Los Angeles Rams for Defensive Back IRV CROSS, 29, Guard DON CHUY, 28, and Offensive Tackle JOE CAROLLO, 29. JIM NETTLES, 27, another defensive back went with Brown. In another deal, the Rams acquired RICHIE PETITBON, 31, a Chicago defensive back for 10 years (four times All-NFL) for Defensive Back LEE CALLAND, 27, and two draft choices.

TRADED. By the Boston Bruins, Left Wings EDDIE SHACK, 32, and ROSS LONSBERRY, 22, to the Los Angeles Kings for utility man KEN TURLIK *and the Kings' first-round amateur draft choice in 1971 and 1972.*

RESIGNED. As coach of the Los Angeles Lakers, BILL (Butch) VAN BREDA KOLFF, 46, after two years in which he led his team to a Western Division title and twice was runner-up to Boston in the playoffs. He is expected to become coach of the Detroit Pistons, who finished next to last in the Eastern Division.

RETIRED. From pro basketball, TOM HAWKINS, 32, a Notre Dame All-America who was the Minneapolis Lakers' first draft choice in 1959. Hawkins was traded to Cincinnati in 1962, returned to the Lakers—in Los Angeles—in 1966 and had his best season in 1967-68. He will go into sports broadcasting.

DIED. JOE MALONE, 79, one of hockey's early Hall of Famers. A Montreal Maroon, he scored 44 goals for the Montreal Canadiens during the 22-game 1917-18 season stood for 27 years—until Maurice Richard scored 50 in a 50-game season. A record of Malone's that still endures is seven goals in a single game, set [illegible] 1920.

DIED. FRANK JOSEPH SHAUGHNESSY, 86, former president of the National League, a longtime aide to Montreal Wholesaler Max Rayner, whom he led to a pennant in 1935. Shaughnessy originated baseball's playoff system and "Shaughnessy Curve."

DIED. CLARENCE (Pants) ROWLAND, 90, a baseball *man of many talents, in Chicago. For*merly manager of the White Sox (1915-18), Rowland also had served as a scout, umpire, minor league manager and club president, and was an honorary VP of the Cubs at his death.

CREDITS

21 [illegible] 22 [illegible]
23 Neil Leifer 25 James Drake 26 – Jerry Wachter 29 [illegible] 36, 37 [illegible] 38 [illegible] 61 [illegible] from Pictorial Carmine Photo 62 Sheedy & Long 67 Sheedy & Long 75 Hershorn Block Star 75 Rich Clarkson 82 86 [illegible] 99 [illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



CHARLES COAKLEY, 15, of Costa Mesa, Calif., captured the National Junior singles badminton championship, then teamed with Mike Czarnecki of Flint, Mich. to win the doubles. In the mixed doubles he and Donna Mies, of Arcadia, Calif., were runners up.



RUTH C. WHITE, 17 of Baltimore, the youngest finalist in the North Atlantic sectional fencing championship in Philadelphia won 18 of 22 matches to take the title. "I don't like team sports," says Ruth, a lefthander. "If I lose, I want it to be all my fault."



VIC CEGLES, a pitcher for Bucknell, went six for six and drove in seven runs while holding Juniata College, Huntington, Pa., to three hits in the first game of a doubleheader. Vic switched back to shortstop in the second game and was four for four at the plate.



ROGER CLAY, a native of Australia who is an *assistant professor* of genetics at Ohio State *and a forward on the* Buckeyes' Rugby Club, scored all of his team's points in an 8–6 victory over Michigan in the finals of the Big Ten Rugby Tournament at Ann Arbor.



MARK LOW, a senior at Pomona (Calif.) High and a pianist of some renown, has led his track team to three undefeated seasons, posting times of 9.7 in the 100, 21.0 in the 220, 14.1 in the 120 hurdles, 48.6 in the 440 and a 47.9 anchor leg on the mile relay team.



TOM MURPAY closed the 1968 baseball season for St. Bernard Boys' High of Uncasville, Conn. by pitching *three straight no-hit*ters, then opened this season with two more. He struck out 76 batters in those five seven-inning games, 46 others in three later games.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Things were going so well for Eastern Division leader Chicago (4-2) that the Cubs were even turning minor misfortunes into victories. When Manager Leo Durocher was bedded down with a miserable cold recently, he watched his team on TV. The fans-eye view of the game convinced Durocher that the center field camera afforded him a far better view of pitches than he had from his dugout. Out of sick bay, he ordered a special cable run from the center-field camera to a monitor in his Wrigley Field office and had his starting pitcher of the next day sit there, rather than in the stands, to chart each pitch. Ferguson Jenkins and Dick Selma, the first two in his experiment, both shut out the Padres. Even on the road, where Durocher has yet to figure out how to get permission to use a center-field camera, Ken Holtzman beat the Astros 11-0. It was his second shutout in a row and ran his scoreless-inning streak to 25. Ernie Banks, advised by Batting Coach Pete Reiser that he was dropping his right shoulder, raised it and himself with two homers and seven RBIs in Selma's 19-0 win over the Padres. New York (3-2) also scored heavily, defeating the Braves 9-3 with eight runs in the eighth and drubbing the Reds 10-9 and 11-3. St. Louis (4-1) hitters continued to slump and the Cardinals became the lowest-scoring team in the league. In a game against the Padres, they had 13 base runners but hit into five double plays and lost 2-1. Payday, though, remained the team's magic day. For the 19th consecutive time—dating back to August 1967—the Cardinals won on payday, which comes twice a month. The team obviously should be paid less more often. "The Pirates are going to forget all about Pie Traynor," said Montreal's Gene Mauch of Richie Hebner, the rookie third baseman for Pittsburgh (1-5). Hebner, who wears Traynor's old No. 20, batted .409 last week and raised his average to .384. Rick Wise and Woody Fryman pitched back-to-back five-hitters for two Philadelphia (3-3) wins. Richie Allen hit three homers at Connie Mack Stadium, one clearing the left-field roof, another clattering against the light tower in left field and the third helping to beat the Giants 9-8. Montreal (0-4) did not win, but Expo fans still did a lot of cheering. Much of it was for one of their favorite sons, Reliever Claude Raymond of Atlanta (4-1). Raymond, who is from St. Jean, Quebec, admitted that "when I went to the mound in the 11th inning and the fans gave me that thunderous ovation I actually began to cry." He brushed back the tears long enough to gain his first win, thanks to Tito Francona's homer. Hank Aaron hit four home runs, Ron Reed won twice and the Braves built their lead in the West to 3 games over Los Angeles (3-2). Claude Osteen blanked the Pirates and Willie Crawford did them in 4-3 with a two-run homer in the ninth. Two fielding plays at opposite ends of the diamond also helped. One was a belly-flopping grab of a bunt a few feet in front of the plate by First Baseman Wes Parker, the other a wall-rattling catch by Centerfielder Willie Davis of a possible homer. Said Walter Alston: "Those were two of the most fantastic moves I've seen in years." Nineteen Cincinnati (2-3) pitchers trudged to the mound in five games and, worst of all, Jim Maloney was unable to finish either of his two starts because of injuries. Houston (4-1) got good pitching from Denny Lemaster (a five-hitter) and from Relievers John Billingham, who won his third game, and Fred Gladding, who saved his sixth. Ivan Murrell's pinch single in the ninth beat the Cardinals 2-1 for the lone win of the week for San Diego (1-5). Juan Marichal of San Francisco (3-3) returned after being sidelined for 10 days following an oversized sneeze that had mysteriously injured his left side. His three-hit, 3-0 win over the Pirates, though, was nothing to sneeze at. "I've never seen him faster and his curve crackled," said Manager Clyde King. "And his control? They could construct radar equipment with the stuff he has in his arm."

Standings—East: Chi 24-13, NY 17-18, Pitt 17-18, StL 16-19, Phil 15-18, Mont 11-21. West: Atl 24-10, LA 21-13, SF 20-15, Cin 15-19, SD 16-23, Hou 15-24.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Dorothy B. Hughes, president of the American Astrological Society and a resident of Seattle (4-2), was asked to cast a horoscope for Yankee Pitcher Mel Stottlemyre for the night of May 13. "Something fast and peculiar will happen to him at about 10 p.m.," she predicted. Shortly after 10 p.m. on May 13 Mike Hegan of the Pilots singled across a run that knocked Stottlemyre out of the game and helped Seattle win 5-3. More than 40,000 showed up for three games against the Yankees, prompting one Pilot executive to say, "I guess they don't know Ruth, Gehrig and DiMaggio are no longer with the team." Down the coast in Oakland (2-2), fan interest took a new twist. Spectators were cheering all right, but not for the A's who led the West by 1½ games. Their heroes were Carl Yastrzemski and Tony Conigliaro of the Red Sox, their goats the A's. Said Second Baseman Dick Green: "It'll

HIGHLIGHT

When the letters WP appeared in front of the name of John (Blue Moon) Odom in box scores in 1965, they usually stood for Wild Pitch. He led the Northwest League that season with 30 WPs. This year the letters WP have again showed up regularly next to Odom's name, but now they stand for Winning Pitcher. They have appeared seven times to be exact, and LP only once. Last week, the Oakland Athletics' righthander shut out Cleveland. Shutouts against the Indians have become something of a specialty with Odom, who takes particular delight in having blanked the team and its manager, Alvin Dark, four straight times in two years. Blue Moon has not forgotten the day in July of 1967 when Dark, then the manager of the A's, demoted him to Vancouver for a month. "That man never gave me a chance," Odom says. "Man, every time I make a good pitch or strike out a guy on his team I look right at him in the Cleveland dugout." When not too busy glaring at Dark, Odom supports his own cause by getting a few base hits at opportune moments. He offset his worst pitching of the season—four runs and nine walks in six innings against the Pilots—with his best hitting, slugging a three-run homer and three-run double as the Athletics won 11-7. Only 23 years old, Odom has already established himself as one of the finest young pitchers in the game. He gave up 2.45 runs a game last year to rank ninth best in the league. He was the youngest among the top 28 pitchers from both leagues in that category and his 16 wins were by far the most for anyone close to his age. Odom's ERA currently is down to 2.32, disproving that old adage about the youth who sows wild pitches.



ODOM: WINNING PITCHER

be nice to get out of town." In the first game out of town, Green homered and Blue Moon Odom (*left*) held the Indians to seven singles. Rod Carew of Minnesota (1-4) beat out two bunts and then hit an inside-the-park homer to down the Orioles 4–2. Four straight losses followed and the Twins tumbled out of first place. Kansas City (1-5, *page 75*) did not have enough muscle, got just two homers and dropped below .500. Gerry Nyman and Gary Peters of Chicago (3-4) each pitched a shutout, Nyman stopping the Senators on a one-hitter. California (2-5) batters hit a paltry .168, thus squandering some fine work by Angel pitchers. The Angels bottomed out against New York (5-2). Fritz Peterson, with help from Bobby Murcer's two-out, two-run double in the ninth, beat the Angels 2–1 and retired the final 19 men he faced. Stan Bahnsen of the Yankees came back the next day to put down the first 19 Angels—making it 38 in a row—and went on to win 6–0. Then the Yankees took a doubleheader 3–1 and 1–0 as Joe Pepitone drove in all the runs with his 10th and 11th homers of the season. Understandably, Manager Bill Rigney's ulcer acted up and he had to visit his doctor. Boston (2-3) sluggers hit eight home runs (three by Yastrzemski) but Red Sox pitchers gave up seven to the Pilots in 10–9 and 9–6 losses. One of Yastrzemski's drives was a grand slam, the 24th in the majors thus far this season. At this rate, last year's total of 38 should be surpassed and perhaps even the record of 77 in 1961. Mike Epstein of Washington (3-4) unloaded four homers, three of them in one game against the White Sox. In all, the Senators had five home runs in that contest against the Sox, yet lost 7-6. Epstein later helped sweep a doubleheader from the White Sox with a game-winning single. Erstwhile slugger Willie Horton of Detroit (4-1) was jeered by Tiger fans, then went into seclusion for several days and did not join the team on its trip to the Midwest. He was suspended by the club, pending a meeting between all parties early in the week. Mickey Lolich won his fourth and fifth games, Denny McLain his sixth. Luis Tiant of Cleveland (3-2), a 21-game winner last year, lost his seventh straight and was shunted off to the bullpen. Three homers by Tony Horton led to two Indian wins. Baltimore (5-1) continued to put it all together. When the Orioles needed runs they got enough to beat the Twins 9–8, as Paul Blair homered twice and had five RBIs. When they needed pitching they got it from Mike Cuellar, who stopped the Royals 5–0 on two hits, and from Dave McNally, whose one-hitter against the Twins was the dandiest single pitching performance of the week. Cesar Tovar got the hit with one out in the ninth. McNally is 6-0 this season and 20-2 since last year's All-Star Game.

Standings—East: Balt 27-12, Bos 21-13, Det 17-16, Wash 19-20, NY 17-21, Clev 7-23. West: Oak 21-12, Minn 19-13, Chi 15-15, KC 16-19, Sea 15-19, Cal 11-22.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TRAGIC AWAKENING

Sirs

The first of Jack Olsen's most intriguing articles (*The Grizzly Bear Murder Case*, May 12 *et seq.*) is of great interest to me since I have spent many years in the pursuit of bear and in studying their habits. He states that a grizzly bear attacked and ravaged the campsite of a party of five (Paul, Ray, Ron, Denise and Michele) as they watched from a distance of 50 yards. As a result, for reasons of safety I presume, they decided to move their campsite to this new location 50 yards away. Unbelievable! Those poor kids must have had no fear or knowledge of the habits of bear—and supposedly all but Paul were "veteran campers in the backcountry." Precisely what did the rangers tell those kids? And what do they tell others who plan to camp out in that park?

CHARLES B. CUMINGS JR.

Wayne, Pa.

Sirs

Let me express my sincerest thanks and those of my family for the article by Jack Olsen. My wife and I and two of our children were at Granite Park Chalet the night of that attack. In fact, we met the Kleins several times as we were hiking the trail in from Logan Pass and talked with them the next morning. We also chatted with Julie Helgeson and Roy Ducat when they first arrived at the chalet. Consequently we have more than the usual interest in the whole problem.

I can fully confirm Mr. Olsen's unhappy experience in trying to get any information whatsoever from the National Park Service. Although a biologist in good professional standing, even international standing, I found that the Service refused to answer or even acknowledge letters or requests for information about their park regulations until, after a long and exasperating effort, they finally admitted they had had my letters all the time!

GAIRDNER B. MOMENT
Department of Biological Sciences
Goucher College

Towson, Md.

Sirs:

I don't know whether or not to thank you for Jack Olsen's story. I have only read Part I so far, and have not slept for the last two nights. I am waiting for the following parts, although a little anxiously. This past summer I drove across the country with two other girls. We took camping equipment, planning on sleeping by the side of the road. But after seeing some of the desolate areas, we decided against it. We wondered what we would do if a strange animal approached us in the middle of the night. The only time we used our sleeping bags was in San Francisco in a friend's living room.

LINDA F. HERN

Auburndale, Mass.

HEROES AND GOATS

Sirs

I would like to compliment you on your May 12 cover, "Hero Havlicek of the Miracle Celtics." The Celtics truly were the miracle team of the NBA this season and the result of the playoffs finds Havlicek definitely the hero of the team.

I would like to make a suggestion to the NBA for next season. Instead of calling them playoff games, they should call them the Boston Celtics Invitational Tournament.

KEVIN KIRK

Weehawken, N.J.

Sirs

As an avid follower of the NBA, I would like to congratulate Frank Deford for his accurate and objective analysis of the playoff finals (*The Last Drop in the Bucket*, May 12). It was a welcome relief from the rhetorical tributes to the legend and traditions of the Boston Celtics. The author's illustration of how luck, inconsistency, injuries and the long season affected the play of both the Lakers and the Celtics added a note of reality to the rags-to-riches fairy tale that has followed Boston through the playoffs.

I was even more pleased at the recognition given to Jerry West. I completely agree with Deford's appraisal of West as the greatest all-round player in the game today, and I think that the greatest injustice in professional basketball is that Jerry has never played on a championship team. He has consistently shown, off the court as well as on, that he is a true champion in every sense of the word.

ROBERT M. FITIPOVICH

Bowling Green, Ohio

Sirs

Okay, now that everybody feels better, now that the old men in green can retire to melancholy memories of glory in the Forum and now that "Vince" Auerbach has one more for the cause, let's ask some necessary questions.

Does anyone doubt that a team that sandbags for the last third of the season to hold onto fourth place has the rest and mental discipline to wear down a team that has to fight with all it has through 80 games?

Does anyone doubt that the fifth-best team in the NBA has no right whatsoever to receive anything from the fourth-place division finish except the fourth-place share of the final pot?

Does anyone doubt that the winners of the two divisions, after running their hearts out for 80 games, through slump and injury, have the right to meet each other at the end of the wars?

The NBA is not high school or college. The teams play each other several times, so supremacy is obvious. If anyone can make a case that the division titles have any meaning at all, I will withdraw my outrage at the flagrant greed of the NBA bosses. It's time we were fair to the players and the fans. I am happy for the Celts; they played superb roundball, absolutely superb. Yet they did not deserve to be in the Bullets' series.

W. RICK GARR

Petersburg, Va.

SERIOUS RUNNERS

Sirs

Should Jock Semple have his way and the Boston Marathon become a restricted-entry event (SCORECARD, May 5), we will lose a great stimulus to long-distance running.

The statistics on this year's marathon confirm that most Patriots' Day visitors take their running seriously. Some 678 (more than the total entry in 1967) completed the 26-plus miles within the required four hours.

GEORGE A. SHEEHAN, M.D.

Red Bank, N.J.

Sirs

No doubt you will get many letters concerning Jock Semple's statement that he walked the 26-mile, 385-yard Boston Marathon course in four hours and 45 minutes. If no one else has figured it out, that comes to 11 minutes per mile. Assuming a 30-inch pace, that's 192 paces per minute, or 72 paces *faster* than Army quick time. If Jock can keep that up for 26 miles, he's fit enough to run in the race.

ROBERT E. CAIN

San Diego

FROM THE HIP

Sirs

As a longtime wearer and exponent of Levi's, the *real* Levi's manufactured by Levi Strauss of San Francisco, I must take exception to a statement made in the SPOTTING LOOK article by Jule Campbell (*Jeans with a Dash of Tonic*, April 21).

The statement, referring to a photo on the facing page, was: "Host Paul McGregor greets Azivadé in his nightly uniform—well-faded Levi's." The jeans in question are not, in fact, Levi's. Four points of construction make this fact evident:

continued

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1) The belt loop is at the side seam, while the Levi belt loop is set about one inch behind the seam.

2) A flat rivet is on the side pocket at the seam, while Levi's have the "peaked" rivet used on the watch pocket.

3) An X pattern of stitching is used for reinforcement on the corner of the hip pocket, while Levi's have a square pattern of stitching at that point.

4) The design of the stitching on the hip pocket flows down and then up, while the design on the Levi hip pocket is a "humped V."

I suppose this information doesn't amount to a hill of beans but I did want to set the record straight. Glad to see Levi's get the publicity, but fair is fair. For what it's worth, the jeans in question appear to be Lee Riders, made by the H. D. Lee Company, Inc. Don't construe this as a complaint; it's darned hard to find fault with your magazine.

CHARLES J. WASHAUSEN
Ketchikan, Alaska

● The jeans are Lee's—not Levi's.—ED.

MUST READING

Sirs:

My intention was to read the article, *Baseball's Johnny Appleseed* (April 14), by Harold Peterson during my 10-minute rest periods while mowing my lawn. But the farther westward from Pittsburgh that Peterson retraced Alexander Cartwright's travels, the more anxious I became to arrive at the next town. Consequently I completed and thoroughly enjoyed the article, but the lawn mowing was never finished.

But, then, there's always another day for that chore.

DOMINIC LERARIS
Fort Smith, Ark.

Sirs:

Baseball's Johnny Appleseed should be must reading for everyone interested in baseball—fans and players at all levels (Little League, Legion, high school, college and the pros). Eddie Mulligan, former major- and minor-leaguer, now president of the California League, made the best remark I have ever heard when he said, "The only fun and enjoyment in this game was playing." (He may have used the word best instead of only.) It is true that the secret of baseball is that it is very hard but very enjoyable to play. I believe most of our fans sometime or another have experienced the fun and the difficulty of playing.

CHARLIE WALLGREN
Scout
Baltimore Orioles
San Francisco

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